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Advice to the New Boys *Anthony Howard*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts — February 1, 1969, 40 cents

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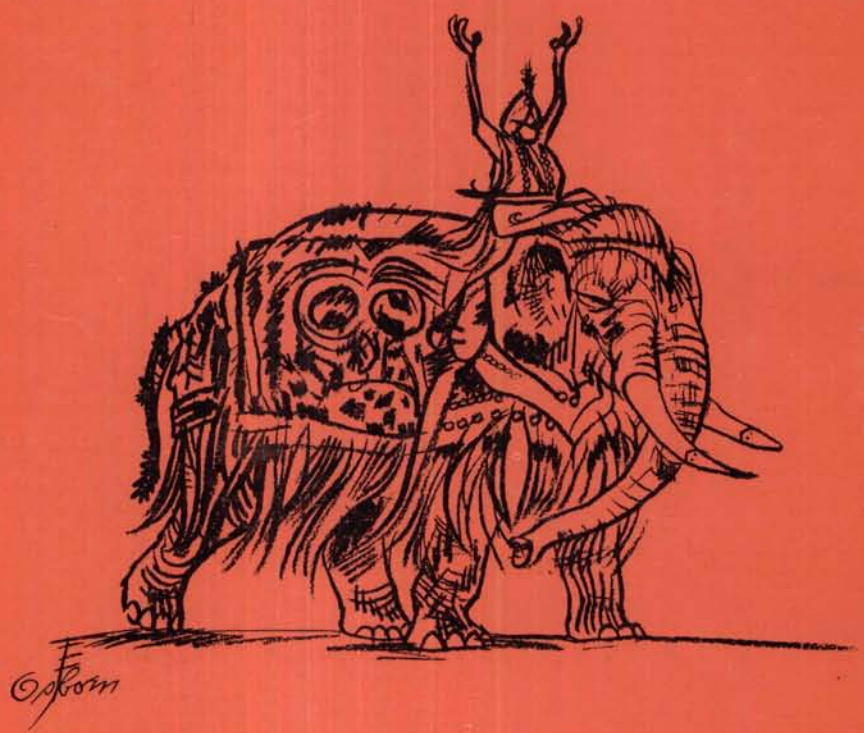

David Broder, John Osborne, Paul Duke, Paul Wieck

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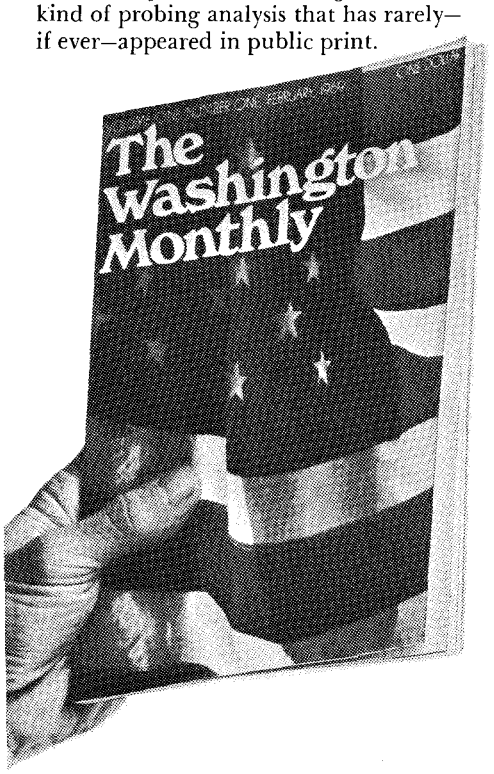

In short, with The Washington Monthly. Volume I, Number 1, is just out. Here's what's inside:

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Is There a Republican Approach to Government? by Stephen Hess.

The Data Game by Arthur M. Ross.

The Special Assistant: as Iago, Informer, Thinker, Speechwriter, Nitpicker, Yes-Man by Russell Baker and Charles Peters.

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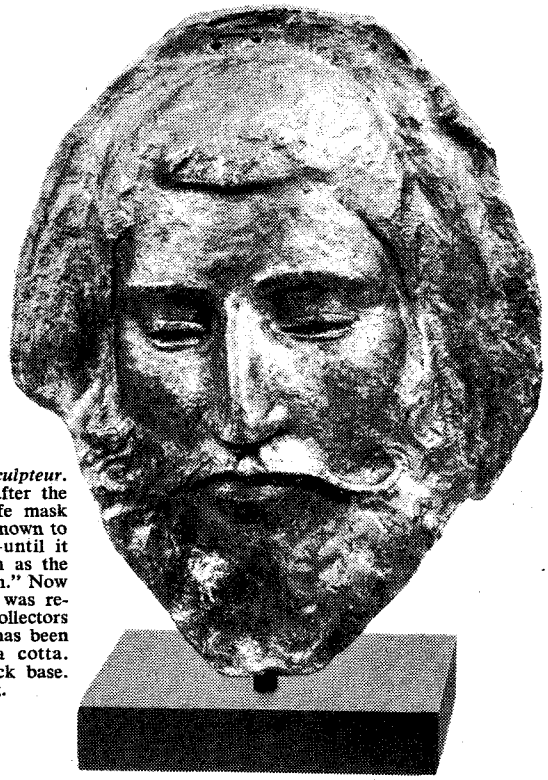

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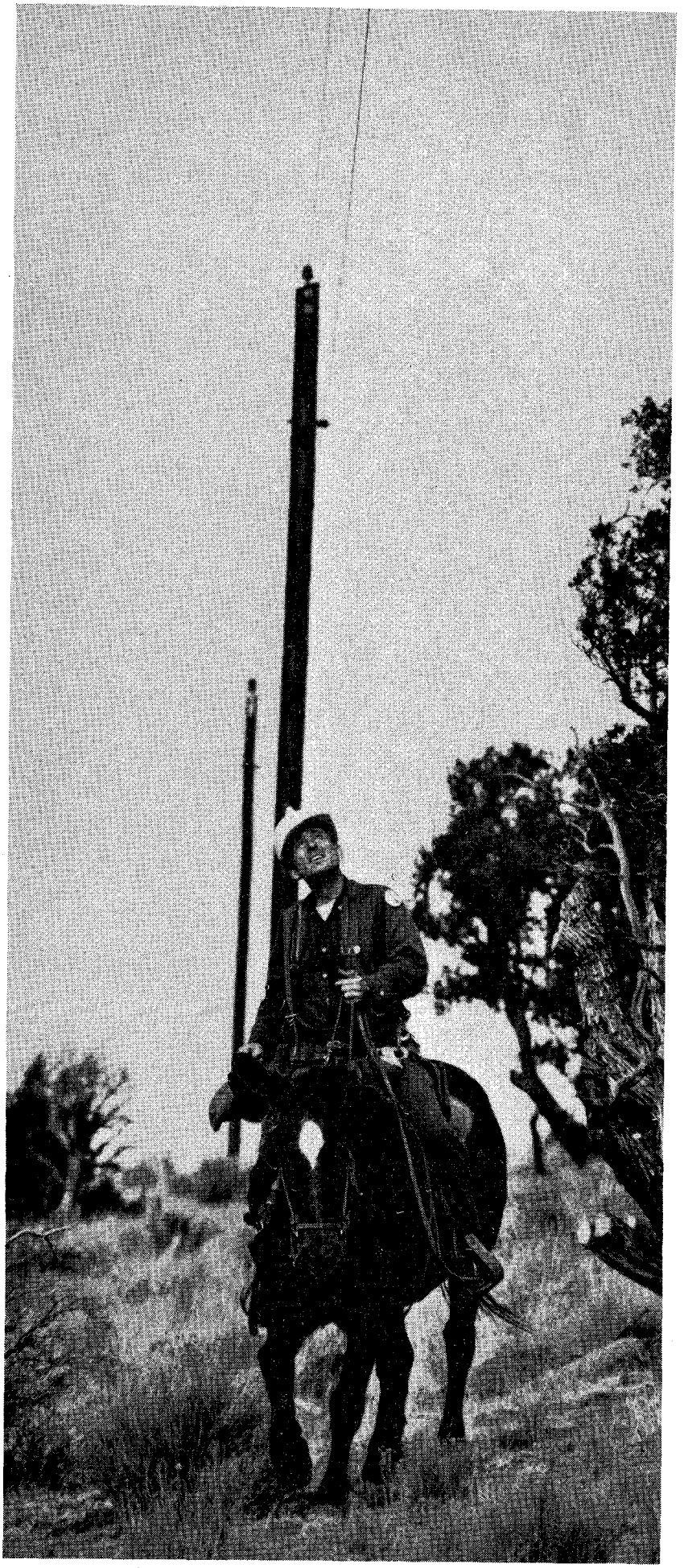

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TRB

From Washington

Five Big Scenes

Washington is the place for Big Scenes. Here, for example, are five. . . .

A couple of page boys enter the House of Representatives carrying what look like small TV sets. Not sets – they are small, elegant, mahogany boxes lashed with double belts, the kind of pirate chests you find treasure in. The clerk shouts; in march the Senators from the rear swing-glass doors, two by two (the Elephant and the Donkey, too); Goldwater is there, genial as when he shook hands over snow fences in '64; newly married Strom Thurmond; balding Dick Russell mounting the rostrum beside funereal Speaker McCormack.

It's time to count ballots and find who won the election. The chests are unlocked – the chamber is filled with a great air of non-expectancy. Now the roll is called, state by state. The archaic ceremonial needs glitter, uniforms, cuirassiers in plumes: the clerks do what they can in Sears Roebuck suits. . . . Now the big thrill, "North Carolina. . . ." Seems one of the faceless NC electors has come alive and voted for Wallace instead of Nixon, as pledged. Cries; protests! Houses depart; vote; reassemble two hours later. They've decided it's the elector's option to vote as he likes under the Constitution. So every previous tally is wrong – it's 301; 191; 46. And if Elector Lloyd Bailey can do it any of the 538 can. It's a bomb planted in the quaint system – waiting, waiting.

Now it's the same scene eight days later; 8:50 p.m. – this is LBJ's farewell, his State of the Union. The same huge oblong chamber – leather chairs, rust-brick wall-to-wall carpeting, a rich brown ambience. Senators enter, cheers; Ladybird sits in gallery, cheers, audience rises; Cabinet – Supreme Court, more cheers; Diplomats (I count 23 Negroes), cheers. Mr. Johnson mounts the rostrum the last time, points to the gallery where he was doorkeeper 38 years ago. Yes, it's affecting. (The movie people wheel an object like a small cannon down the central aisle.)

A low-keyed, sentimental address with an undercurrent that makes some Republicans restless. Surely this innocent, artless approach has no ulterior motive? The Johnson pose is benign, fatherly, nostalgic. It is studded with references to legislative "commitments." He glances softly at the big Democratic majority; commitments, it seems, that have "all the moral force that the American political system can summon when it acts as one."

It must be just rhetoric. The departing President ends dripping pure sentiment, beseeching forbearance for Mr. Nixon . . . Republicans cast aside all suspicion, cheer with everyone; applause rises to ovation. Yes, and for years ahead Richard Nixon won't be able to propose any progressive legislation that doesn't have an "LBJ" brand on it.

Now one more farewell before LBJ passes into history; this time the National Press Club in an all-is-forgiven mood. This caged tiger of a man purrs, mimics, banters Ladybird (seated at his right); eyes glistening, subdued, mellow, sentimental; hand plunged in trousers pocket as he rambles. Big ears wag, forehead wrinkles, eyes squint as into a Texas duststorm. (In a fortnight he has become half myth already; he has no place in this cool, dull new world.)

To an edged question he answers with patience and forbearance, drooping his demure gaze in a look of virginal innocence. And, as the sentimental audience roars its sympathy, I see him lift up his little shrewd eyes with a quick, Foxy Grandpa smirk, savoring (I have no doubt) his own superb showmanship.

Dirksen Aghast

Now it's a brief scene on the Senate floor. Ev Dirksen is aghast at a pathetic little attempt to curb filibusters; instead of requiring a two-thirds vote (67, with all present) the talk that dooms civil rights bills could be silenced by three-fifths (60). A net gain of seven.

This stuns Sen. Dirksen, you can tell it by his demeanor; he waves his arms, tosses his ringlets. (Since 1917 43 attempts to curb filibusters have succeeded only eight times.) He lists the horrid bills that might creep through – "a ceiling on drugs" is one. He bemoans all those changes that happened under FDR in the 30's. He turns his back on the Vice President and exhorts his Republicans; they must resist the "tyranny of the majority," he says, in behalf of "Dick Nixon." By aid of the filibuster, he says, he has required reformers to get traffic clearance from him; yes, he boasts, "Virtually every major civil rights bill since 1959 was written in my office down the corridor!"

In one of those rare, unforgettable Senate moments, Jacob Javits (R, NY) rises and answers him with a surgical slash or two. It is the "tyranny of the minority," Javits reminds the gray beards, that shackles the American legislative process. Yes, he cries, civil rights bills *were* written in Dirksen's office down the hall – but where is the Constitutional authority for that? The 10-year delay which, he charged, the Dirksen system entails, exacted a price that "we are now paying in the dreadful situation which we find in our cities."

It was all over in a flash and hardly anybody reported it. Dramatic, certainly, but how do you make people understand? The reform? Oh, that lost, of course; 53-45.

So now it's the Inaugural. You are on a pine plank, before a pine bench with the great dome of the Capitol ahead, a balustraded platform in front, and a four-tiered structure behind fairly leaping with cameramen. It's a bone-chilling day; there's a wafer of radiance behind the clouds; Republicans wear Nixon badges big as pie-plates and it's harder to get here than into the Democrats' Chicago convention. The oath is over in a moment – stark and simple – the knife-edge of time where the past meets the present You just see him between the tubas of the Marine Band. Then he is praising peace and asking Quaker quietude (like Whittier's "drop they still dews of quietness"). There's a dull parade and silly balls. As to what the new President proposes – not a word.

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Waiting for the Word

Billy Graham is a hard man to follow. What could the next speaker, the President of the United States say, with the "wages of our sins staring us in the face"? Mr. Nixon did well. His inaugural address was modestly reassuring and high-minded. The old cracked bell rang only once, when he declared "to all who would be tempted by weakness" that "we will be as strong as we need to be for as long as we need to be." It was almost an aside. The rest was conciliation and compassion. Mr. Nixon is not a gifted communicator. He strains to persuade us of his sincerity. He is handicapped too by an inheritance of mistrust. Public opinion, especially that opinion which is "better educated, more committed, more passionately driven by conscience," has formed the habit of believing little of what politicians say. It heard Lyndon Johnson say in *his* inaugural address that "We seek peace." Within a month, he had initiated the bombing of North Vietnam; within 12 months he had increased US troop strength in Vietnam from 103,000 to 323,000; within 24 months he had boosted war expenditures from $103 million to $20.557 billion a year. So when President Nixon hopes that "our *words* can be heard as well as our voices," he must understand that hearing is not believing. The public is not wrong to say, "show me." The inaugural address is not the time or place for details, but details are what matter henceforth. On those the credibility of the new President will rest.

Vietnam comes first. About 8,000 Americans have been killed since the start of the Paris talks. Will Nixon's sacred commitment to peace produce more of the same, or will it goad him into getting us out quickly? If he is not clearheaded about his purpose, and stubborn in its defense, he may find himself locked in by the same bureaucrats who misled Johnson, and who, even now, will not see or say they have been wrong. Clark Clifford's valedictory advice was to continue the US military presence in Southeast Asia after Vietnam, with the necessary bases as a "counterweight" to China. Mr. Nixon's Under Secretary of State, U. Alexis Johnson, said two days after the Inauguration that he would recommend continuing "exactly the same policy," for it "is paying dividends and I think it is going in the right direction." It is as though the Tet offensive, which demonstrated the extent of the Vietcong's power, had not occurred; as though Lyndon Johnson had not made his speech of last March 31; as though the

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popular response to Senators McCarthy and Robert Kennedy last year, and indeed Nixon's victory itself, never happened. The bureaucracy, the evidence notwithstanding, appears convinced that we are winning the war, and that the dissatisfaction of the American voter was all taken care of in the ritual of an election. Asked last week whether he believed the Paris talks would succeed, the Prime Minister of South Vietnam replied "No, not at all." Henry Cabot Lodge has replaced Averell Harriman in Paris, Marshall Green, William Bundy's former deputy at the time of the decision to escalate, has also arrived in Paris. So for one conciliatory negotiator, two hard-liners are substituted, and they are backed up by Ellsworth Bunker and Sam Berger in Saigon; neither noted for advocacy of any relaxation of the war effort. Bill Colby, the CIA's leading "nation-builder," who has toiled in the Vietnam jungles since 1958, unsuccessfully, is now in charge of pacification with the rank of Ambassador. He is not the type to give up.

The Laotian Prime Minister, Souvanna Phouma, repeated last week that "a coalition government is a necessity for South Vietnam," because "the NLF cannot be ignored." Those words have been said again and again in Washington, and have fallen on deaf ears. Is tragic history to be repeated? To whom will Mr. Nixon listen? Those who have been proved wrong? Henry Kissinger believes that a mutual military withdrawal by the US and Hanoi can take place, and that South Vietnam's political, social and economic structure should be left to the Vietnamese themselves to work out. That's not wrong.

There is no substitute, in Mr. Nixon's judgment, "for days and even years of practical and prolonged diplomacy." Will it be days or years before the nuclear arms race is halted? In Johnson's final budget, which is the current one, *non*-Vietnam defense spending is up by about $4 billion. If Secretary of Defense Laird decides to go ahead with anti-ballistic missiles and MIRVs (rockets each carrying 10 hydrogen bombs), the Russians will doubtless try to "catch up." The time to break the cycle is now. The Soviets have announced their readiness to start talks on limiting defensive and offensive missiles. Mr. Laird, however, has said that high-level talks could not start for a while.

An understanding with the Russians on space is also urgent. The Russians are getting on with a space platform, or military orbiting laboratory, while we're flirting with the moon. Will the new President conclude from this that NASA should be put in uniform and our space projects handed over to the Air Force? Or is it to be an *international* program? Here, Mr. Nixon raises hopes when he says, "As we explore the reaches of space, let us go to the new worlds together, not as new worlds to be conquered, but as a new adventure to be shared."

No one knows whether US aid to foreign countries is coming or going, though it's probably going. That is also a decision the new Administration has to make quickly. Our foreign aid is under half of one percent of GNP – and falling. Will Nixon aim for the United Nations goal of a full one percent? If not, what?

The President promises that "we will press urgently forward" in pursuing the goals of "full employment, better housing, excellence in education; in rebuilding our cities and improving our rural areas; in protecting our environment and enhancing the quality of life." This, along with bringing "black and white together" is, of course, our principal domestic business during the next four years. Mr. Nixon has taken note of "those who have been left out . . . those left behind." There are many of them, who now await clues to their fate. In 1967, 5.3 million American families (about 21 million people) were below the poverty level, with incomes under $3,500 a year. Forty-nine million single persons earned less than $1,635. Promises to listen to "the voices of quiet anguish" will have to be matched by cash, with Congress and the Executive putting the money where their mouth is. Mr. Nixon has given Pat Moynihan a job, but Moynihan isn't money. This year and next, Johnson proposed spending a 24-month total of about $5 billion on housing and community development – and in the same period, $8.5 billion on farm price supports. Is that to be scaled up or down, and for whose benefit? About $9 billion is to be spent in the coming years on highways – and only $400 million on urban mass transport. Here is an opportunity for the new President to alter priorities, to the benefit of those who "have despaired of being heard."

The Nixon Administration's biggest economic headache, at the moment, is inflation. As an instance of what's happening, medical costs have gone up 60 percent in 10 years and the rise seems to be steepening. All Mr. Nixon has said thus far is that he probably will keep the tax surcharge. What of reform of the tax structure in the interests of equity and of federal revenues adequate to cover necessary spending? Joseph Barr of the Treasury has told the Congressional Joint Economic Committee of the danger of a middle-class taxpayers' revolt over tax exemptions and loopholes for the rich, and indicated that tax exemption and preferences add up to about $50 billion a year. If Nixon's constituency is mainly the people with incomes of about $7,000 to $20,000 a year, here is a chance to bring about reforms that should please *them*.

Finally, Mr. Nixon has yet to indicate what, if any, top jobs will go to Negroes. This is one of the most glaring, early omissions, though presumably he is in process of remedying it.

Let the President seize "the chalice of opportunity." He has the country's hope and good wishes in his pocket. As Billy Graham said: "Oh, God, our new President needs Thee as no man has ever needed Thee in leading a people."

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Caretakers of Justice

John N. Mitchell, the new Attorney General and tough guy of the Nixon Administration, made his debut at a news conference the day after the Inauguration. He said he was against granting parade permits to demonstrators who threw things, but as Mr. Mitchell admitted, the problem is, how do you tell in advance who is going to throw things, and who is just going to protest peaceably? Mr. Mitchell also said the crime rate might be reduced if more suspects were denied bail, which makes little sense and does not square with one half of the "order with justice" slogan. And he said that he was not opposed to capital punishment – in contrast to the outgoing Attorney General, one of whose finest acts was to advocate its abolition.

Then Mr. Mitchell presented his staff. It is more political and less purely professional than anything the Department has seen in the last eight years, perhaps even since the Truman Administration.

Richard G. Kleindienst of Phoenix is a successful labor relations lawyer (representing management) but has been as much politician as lawyer since he worked on the Goldwater nomination campaign in 1964. He has been a state legislator, chairman of the Republican Party in Arizona, ran unsuccessfully for Governor and also had a top job in the Nixon campaign. He is Deputy Attorney General.

The new Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division, Will R. Wilson, is a former Texas Democrat, who was state attorney general once and also made a race for the Senate. "A plain vanilla person," a knowledgeable Texas Democrat says of him, "more politician than lawyer, yet no fire-eater on crime, endowed even with a certain openmindedness."

In recent years, the Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights has been a principal maker as well as executor of federal policy on race relations. The position was filled with great distinction in the Kennedy and early Johnson years by Burke Marshall and John Doar, who fully realized its potentialities for leadership, and more recently by Stephen Pollack, a man equally committed to the enforcement and expansion of the policies of the Civil Rights Acts of 1964, 1965 and 1968. Mr. Mitchell's appointee is Jerris Leonard of Milwaukee, a lawyer and state legislator, who was minority leader of the Wisconsin Senate and sponsored the state's open housing law. Last year he ran unsuccessfully for the US Senate against Gaylord Nelson. All this is nothing against Mr. Leonard, of course, but the office he has been given can be one of the most important ones in the Administration, and the appointment hardly indicates that Mr. Mitchell so used it. The appointment hardly indicates either that the Nixon Administration was interested in making even a symbolic, propitiating gesture toward the Negro community.

The head of the Anti-trust Division, if appointed out of private practice, is likely to have been a defendant's lawyer, and perhaps to be less than ardently committed to a vigorous antitrust program. Hence judges and academicians are often brought in, such as Stanley Barnes in the Eisenhower and Lee Loevinger in the Kennedy Administration, and more recently, Donald F. Turner. Mr. Mitchell's choice, Richard W. McLaren, an experienced antitrust practitioner, is a member of a Chicago firm which is counsel for the defendant in the major patent antitrust suit now pending, *United States v. Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company*. Mr. McLaren will presumably be disqualified from supervising conduct of this case. He is currently chairman of the American Bar Association Section on Antitrust Law, and no doubt he is able, but his reputation is that of a man of the second rank. If Mr. Mitchell was going to go for a practitioner, he might as well have reached to the top.

The new Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Office of Legal Counsel, who is a kind of general-purpose legal adviser to the government, is a very able and very, very conservative Phoenix lawyer, William H. Rehnquist, who was clerk to the late Justice Robert H. Jackson in the early 1950s. Running the Civil Division will be another state legislator who made an unsuccessful race for the Senate last year, William D. Ruckelshaus of Indianapolis. Finally, the head of the Tax Division will be Johnnie McWeiver Walters of Greenville, South Carolina, whose name is widely unfamiliar to the tax bar, but whom Strom Thurmond probably knows.

JFK Assassination

To ward off a possible court order releasing pictures and x-rays of President Kennedy's body to District Attorney Jim Garrison of New Orleans, the Justice Department has published a report by a panel of four doctors, whom it commissioned a year ago to make a fresh examination of the photographic material and the clothing deposited in the National Archives by the Kennedy family. The Warren Commission did not examine the pictures and x-rays, relying instead on the testimony of the official doctors who performed the autopsy. Not surprisingly, the new panel found that the autopsy doctors committed no elementary errors in locating the President's wounds, and told no lies. The President, it is now confirmed, received two bullets, one at the base of the neck, the other in the head, both fired from behind and above. Taken together

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with other evidence concerning Lee Harvey Oswald, this conclusion in turn confirmed the Warren Commission's finding that Oswald shot at the President, and that he found his mark. What remains no better established than it was before is that *only* Oswald, Oswald *alone*, did all the shooting.

The possibility of a second assassin is just that; but it is not excluded by the Warren Commission's report, nor by the conclusions of the new panel of doctors. The possibility arises from the fact that Governor Connally was also wounded. The Warren Commission decided that he was hit by the same bullet that inflicted the President's neck wound, and that the bullet in question was one found at Parkland Hospital. But the proof that the Parkland Hospital bullet had ever been in Governor Connally is weak, and its condition was such – it was virtually whole – as to raise very grave doubts that it could have caused the bone wound that Governor Connally suffered. And if this bullet did not hit both the President and the Governor, then three shots found their marks, and they must have been fired in a sequence for which Oswald, by the Warren Commission's own calculations, could scarcely have had the time. Hence the possibility of an accomplice.

These are the nature and the sources of legitimate doubts that linger, and that are not dispelled by the doctors' report now released. There is a chance, if a slim one, that the trial of Clay Shaw, which has begun in New Orleans, may throw some light on the problem. The autopsy pictures and x-rays do not solve it.

Udall's Last Laugh

Had Stewart Udall renamed the District of Columbia Stadium after Walt Rostow or Dean Rusk (instead of Robert Kennedy) there might now be seven million additional acres in the national park system. Had Lyndon Johnson not double-crossed Udall by deciding at the very last minute to renege on his bequest to the national park system, Udall might not have signed regulations allowing oil imports to Hawaii.

Oil, baseball, and wilderness became strangely intermixed in the dispute between a strong President and a stubborn Interior Secretary, both eager to exercise the powers of their respective offices. Udall had convinced Johnson that with Walter Hickel on his way to Interior and with the Administration's time running out, the President should add by executive order 7.5 million acres of federally owned land – the bulk of it in Alaska – to the park system. Under the Antiquities Act of 1906, under which Theodore Roosevelt added 130 million acres to the parks and Herbert Hoover four million, Johnson was free to do so on his own.

Mr. Johnson enjoyed his reputation as a conservation President. He seemed to relish the allusion in his final State of the Union message to the new national parkland he would set aside before leaving office, thus presenting Secretary Hickel with a *fait accompli*. Further evidence of White House intentions came from Senator Henry Jackson, who, apprised of the plan, asked Hickel about it on the first day of the confirmation hearings. (Jackson knew which parks were involved, in Alaska, Arizona, and Utah, and outlined the scheme to a somewhat incredulous Hickel.) On the strength of the President's own nationally televised announcement, Interior got out a press release on the new parkland.

Then Mr. Johnson got cold feet. Congressmen were grousing that they had not been consulted, although consulting them would have been gratuitous. Secretary Udall peeved Johnson by planning as his own last act the renaming of D. C. Stadium after the late Senator Kennedy. Johnson was furious. In an abusive phone conversation, he told Udall the park deal was off. Udall offered his resignation. When Johnson finally announced the token addition of 384,000 acres to the parks, the unpleasant matter seemed closed.

But Udall was not satisfied. He too could be tough. Just before retiring to private life, on Inauguration Day, he signed regulations permitting the import to, and processing of oil in Hawaii—oil which would be competitive with overpriced, oversubsidized US oil. He had held off on approving the Hawaii scheme in return for Johnson's ill-fated park bequest but Johnson had gone back on his word. The regulations may ultimately benefit the domestic consumer, though not the Texas producers. They also set a precedent for the Machiasport oil import scheme that has the support of New England Senators. It was a good last day's work

Inflation by Fiat

Refusing to spare Mr. Nixon's blushes, the House of Representatives passed as its first bill this session a measure that doubles the President's pay, from $100,000 to $200,000. The Senate eagerly concurred, and Mr. Johnson signed the bill as one of his last official acts. The President hasn't had a raise for 20 years, and Senator Dirksen pointed out that after taxes Mr. Nixon will be left with only $78,000, which Dirksen called "pretty thin salami." It is a bit embarrassing nevertheless. The new Administration is dedicated to balancing the budget, and Nixon admits he may retain

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Johnson's 10 percent income tax surcharge as a weapon against inflation. The new Secretary of the Treasury, banker David Kennedy, said at his confirmation hearing before the Senate Finance Committee, that *his* prescription for the overheated economy is "a tight budget and restrictive monetary policy . . . with a minimum increase in unemployment."

The President's wage increase is just the start. Congress wasn't so much being generous to the new man in the White House as adroitly laying a foundation for pay raises for other government officials and for the legislators themselves. Members of Congress don't like to talk about their incomes and won't vote themselves more pay. But they've discovered an ingenious if devious route around their own coyness. An advisory commission, which Congress helps appoint, reviews Congressmen's salaries every four years. Whatever the President decides on the commission's recommendations becomes law within 30 days – unless Congress vetoes it. In order to have its pay raised, all Congress has to do is keep mum. That is something that legislators do not always find easy to do, but on this issue the expectation is that Congress will manage to hold its tongue until February 15, when its veto right expires. The federal pay commission recommended that President Johnson raise Congressmen from $30,000 a year to $50,000, which would have been a 66.6 percent increase. Mr. Johnson thought it too much in those inflation-ridden times, and raised the Congressmen from $30,000 to $42,500, a 41.7 percent increase. "Bloomin' good pay," as Kipling said in another connection. Less than five years ago, in 1964, the Congressmen had their pay raised from $22,500 to $30,000, an upward bound of one-third. Applied to ordinary mortals, this means that an average American with a previous income of $10,000 would have gone up to $13,333 in 1964, and would now be due for another raise, to $18,893. Politicians boom about the futility or even wickedness of pushing up wages to catch up with prices, but how many workers have managed to nearly double their pay in less than five years? If it's futile for labor, why isn't it for politicians? Or for bureaucrats, who are also going to get big pay raises. Everyone on the federal payroll who is anyone is going to gain; from the referees in bankruptcy who are due to go up from $11,000 a year to $18,000, to the Chief Justice, who'll get $62,000 instead of $40,000. Except for bigwigs like the Chief Justice, government bureaucrats can't be paid as much as a Congressman. The Congressmen head a kind of feudal table, with most everyone else below the salt. When it becomes necessary to offer more money to attract top-grade professional people into government, Congressmen's pay goes up too. So they are still ahead. The pay raises will cost the country an extra $2.8 billion a year. Is that how to fight inflation? You bet it isn't.

Now It Can Be Told

One of Lyndon Johnson's last acts as President, obscured by the Inauguration, was the release of an HEW report billed as the government's "first attempt to measure and evaluate systematically the social well-being of the Nation." It is a staff study (four professionals full-time since last spring), advised by a blue-ribbon, academic panel co-chaired by Alice M. Rivlin and Professor Daniel Bell. The 198-page document, "Toward a Social Report," is the result of an interest in planning for the future by amassing information about where we are, what we have and what we lack. It is illuminating if the reader has spent the last 20 years in a closet. The report contains the following conclusions, here paraphrased:

Health and life expectancy have improved and increased in this century. Medicine has done best by the young, not as well by the old, not as well by blacks as by whites. Health care could be better.

Social mobility is still possible, but: "After a variety of background factors are taken into account, there is evidence that Negroes are not as well off as whites when both have the same qualifications." Also, housing is getting better and more plentiful, even for Negroes, who sometimes get to move into places vacated by upwardly mobile white people.

Industry is growing; there is more rubbish; it is hard to find a place to throw all the accumulating trash. "There can be little doubt that pollution is a significant problem already. . . ."

There aren't as many poor people as there used to be but "a continuation of present trends . . . would by no means eliminate poverty." And poverty is related to crime. Poor people commit more crimes and tend to commit them against one another. Young people account increasingly for crime, in part because there are more young people than before.

Using its tested sampling techniques, the Gallup poll in December concluded that 33 million Americans – 28 percent of adults – feel alienated from the mainstream of society. The HEW report had greater difficulty quantifying alienation and finally concluded that not much more could be done than to ask the "right questions," one of them concerning the necessity "for study of the need many people apparently have for close group relationships."

Finally the report looked at education (we don't know what children are learning), at science ("advancing at a most rapid rate"), at culture ("the performing arts are in some financial difficulty"). In conclusion: "The preceding chapters neglect many of the nation's major concerns. They have, for example, scarcely mentioned the divisions in our society, which separate young and old, black and white, left and right. . . ."

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Dignity in the Court

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Citizens of this highly industrialized Piedmont community went solidly Republican in November. It was a backlash vote and probably had its genesis in 1967, when widespread Negro rioting took place here. Not only did the county vote for Nixon; Republicans captured the county courthouse, the school board, scored a clean sweep in the five District Court races, and sent an all-GOP seven-man delegation to the legislature.

It wasn't very long before we got a glimpse of the significance of the Republican upsurge.

It revolved around Billy Mack, who is 21, black, has a police record (drunkenness and carrying a concealed weapon) and wears a mustache and tidy goatee. He is a veteran of training school, was affiliated with an organization called the Rap Room, a coffeehouse across from City Hall where Negro youths gather and do their thing. It's financed by a local foundation.

Last fall, the Rap Room, with the blessing of the director of the District Court's Domestic Services division, began a counseling program called the Friends of the Court. Its purpose was to involve young ex-offenders in the counseling and rehabilitation of young law breakers.

Just before the end of the year Billy Mack, who dropped out of school at age 15, was hired at $20 a week as an assistant staff member. His salary came from donations raised by Domestic Services staff members. Working out of a courthouse office, Mack met daily with convicted juvenile delinquents to discuss their problems and their future. He used himself as an example: "The guys would listen to me when they wouldn't listen to their probation officers. They would come to me and say, 'What should I do.' They would ask somebody who's been in trouble like them."

When Abner Alexander, chief judge of the District Court and one of the five Republicans elected to the bench in November, read in the newspaper about Mack and the Rap Room experiment he hit the roof. He ordered the Friends of the Court program disbanded and fired Mack. "We have to maintain some dignity in the courthouse," he said. "I had heard that there was a bearded person running around the building. I know nothing about the hiring of this bearded person." He had never met or seen Billy Mack, but he had it "on reliable, confidential information that the Rap Room is a haven for criminals." So, "as far as I am concerned they should lock the Rap Room door, from the outside."

A storm of protest followed Alexander's statements, much of it from the white community. But this soon gave way to growing support for the judge as reports from the outlying redneck precincts began coming in.

Pondering Alexander's actions and their meaning in a community where race relations are uneasy at best, a newspaper letter writer commented: "His statements were careless, irresponsible and slanderous and quickly bring to mind the observation of Dicken's Mr. Bumble: 'the law is a ass, a idiot.' "

by Edward K. Shanahan

MR. SHANAHAN *reports on urban affairs for the Winston-Salem (N. C.)* Journal.

Karl Barth (1886-1968)

by Paul S. Minear

The death of Karl Barth last month sent me back to a dog-eared copy of his most famous work, the commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. In earlier encounters with this high-voltage book, my attention had focused on the thought of the apostle Paul. On this occasion it was the thought of the commentator that absorbed my attention.

Characteristic of his whole authorship was a conviction concerning how a theological author should deal with a nontheological audience: He should refuse to keep that audience in mind; he should warn his readers to "expect nothing but theology." For Barth, theology was not an academic exercise but a divine vocation, *ministerium verbi divini.* The Latin phrase defines precisely the character of the assignment when the worker remains honest and humble. As a divine vocation, theological work should elicit the sense of joyful discovery. Barth is probably the only modern theologian who might be described, as was an ancient rabbi, as breaking into ecstatic dance when he heard the words "And God said."

The commentary discloses another benchmark of this man's craftsmanship: his freedom from provincialism in time. Barth had little sympathy for theologians who try to be up-to-date. He had too much respect for previous and subsequent generations to be trapped by the self-centeredness of a particular decade. To be sure, the dialogue with God is always contemporaneous, but the One who speaks is the Eternal

> "Dogs he asks for, who their noses
> Deeply thrust into -- Today,
> And there scent Eternity."

Barth had such a nose. Analyzing two epochs, however disparate in date or culture, he could scent the common bond to the Eternal. To him, the differences between Paul's day and our own were "purely trivial."

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Rightly understood, "our problems are the problems of Paul," and it is the business of the exegete to make the congruence apparent.

Free as he was from the fads of the day, he was not free from involvement in the maelstroms of history. He took unequivocal stands on the sharpest controversies, regardless of whether in doing so he alienated friends or pleased enemies. Many Americans who had praised his forthright resistance to the "German Christians" during the Hitler regime were nettled by his attacks on American ideology and diplomacy during the cold war. Western churchmen joined Swiss businessmen in complaints that he was far too soft on communism and far too hard on capitalism. Barth stubbornly insisted that it is easier for churches to give their authentic Christian testimony on the eastern side of the Iron Curtain. More recently he aligned himself against those activists who on Christian grounds call for violent revolution against political establishments and against their ecclesiastical allies. It would be hard to find a Christian ethicist who has not jousted with Barth over some basic decision in public policy; it is even harder to find such an ethicist who accepts the logic that Barth followed in reaching his decision. He was taught by Scripture that it is the partisans having the superior justifications who stand in greatest danger of Promethean arrogance. Their merit all too readily immunizes them to the need for repentance. "The revolutionary Titan is far more godless, far more dangerous, than his reactionary counterpart, because he is so much nearer to the truth." To grasp that logic is one thing; to apply it to one's own side in a desperate battle is another. Especially is this so for Christians who are forced to do battle against the church. They are right in detecting the manifold treasons within the church. But they can validly announce God's judgment upon the treason only by taking up their position "in hell with the church." For the critic to withdraw from church membership or to renounce his orders "would be even less intelligent than if he were to take his own life."

It is not strange that such a theologian should diverge more and more widely from his contemporaries. In a period that is increasingly sceptical of the possibility of transcendence, he based everything upon the recognition of God's transcendence. Against a sophisticated community, which is increasingly allergic to biblical modes of thinking, he defended the viability of such modes by devoting his greatest talents to exegesis in the grand manner. During the period in which able Christians have tended to view the institutional church as the greatest obstacle to progress, this ablest spokesman of them all insisted upon calling his monumental work *Church Dogmatics*, because for him theology is so tightly bound to the life of the church. Barth has countered the popular pragmatic demand for relevance with scornful audacity: "The best element in Paulinism is what is unmanageable and use-less in it." No Protestant has been more loyal to the Reformers; none has been more diligently studied by Catholics.

The reader may visualize Barth as almost wholly a polemical *prima donna*. He was not. He was quite able, as I can testify, to act as mediator and spokesman for theologians from many camps. One such instance must suffice. During the years 1951-53 he was a member of the Advisory Commission of 25 persons charged with producing for the Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches a document on the theme *Christ – the Hope of the World*. This was an inflammable theme, and with malice aforethought the commission was loaded with arsonists. Its first two meetings had been turbulent. There had been so much theological infighting that several members chose to withdraw. Nor had Barth been the least of the militants. At the third meeting members were forced under the pressure of an unmovable deadline into producing a consensus-document. By what seemed a miracle, a final draft did take shape, which by the last evening had virtually won approval. However, a concluding section was still needed, and there had been no opportunity for discussing what it would say. Moreover the commission was by this time too exhausted to sketch its form or content. Late that night Professor Barth was asked to produce a draft of this final section, to be ready the next morning. He composed one by breakfast, under the heading *The Sum of the Matter*. Listeners sat spellbound. His statement was so simple, so direct, so unpretentious, so persuasive, that apart from a bit of tidying up it was adopted with virtually no alteration – something that never happens in ecumenical discussion. Later, at the Evanston Assembly in 1954, where every other section of the report was in line for withering attacks, this section remained almost unscathed, perhaps because its real author remained unidentified. Barth's conclusion could now be said to apply not only to that particular report, but to everything he has written. It read, in part:

"To testify to the world concerning the world's hope is the meaning of the church's existence in every age and every clime, and it is the purpose of all we have said. He that hath ears to hear let him hear! Let him hear not our word as such, but the Word of God which has impelled us to speak – the Word of God which is identical with the Work of Christ which was, and now is, and is still to be. He is not our Lord only, but the Lord of all mankind. He is not our future only, but the future of all mankind. . . . What is said here is said in solidarity with every man, for every man, and to every man, yet not in our own name, but in the name of Him who as the world's savior is at the same time the savior of every man."

Mr. Minear *teaches at the Yale Divinity School.*

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Hopes and Fears

By Gerald W. Johnson

In the character of a Maryland Democrat my first wish for the new Administration is that the health and vigor of President Nixon may remain unimpaired for at least four years.

But in the character of a citizen so private as to represent no party, faction, sect, corporation, or sodality I have had four, and still have three wishes and contraposed fears.

One wish has already been fulfilled and one fear abated. Except on matters of administrative detail, such as appointments, the President-elect was notably silent, and even the Inaugural address, although filled with the usual rolling thunder, produced little lightning and no rain. This was a display of the kind of honesty that David Harum thought was about the scarcest in the world – the kind "that keeps a man's mouth shut when he hadn't ought to talk." It is doubtful that Mr. Nixon knows in any detail what he wants to do. It is certain that he doesn't know what he can do, for that depends largely on circumstances beyond his control. It is a relief, therefore, that he refused to pose as Sir Oracle.

The second wish is that he may – and fear that he may not – realize exactly how he got into the White House. He was not elected at the polls in November, except technically. Actually, he was elected at Chicago in August. That explosion shot him into orbit after which he coasted, weightless, to a successful splash-down in November.

Proof is the fact that his party didn't make it. The Democrats hold both houses of Congress because their candidates hold the confidence of the electorate. Mr. Nixon's reentry was successful, but somewhere east of the sun and west of the moon the rest of the GOP, like the remnant of Apollo 8, still wanders.

It follows that Mr. Nixon must attract the support of a considerable number of Democrats if he is to put his projects through. My wish is that the project may – and my fear is that they may not – be of a nature to attract those Democrats who are alive even from the neck up, rather than those who are mentally dead, but will not lie down.

My second remaining wish, rather stronger than its opposite fear, is that President Nixon may know that old King Caucus is really dead, although his ghost still perambulates Washington, and Lyndon Johnson is not the only Hamlet who has mistaken it for reality. The nation is in fact administered from Washington, but since 1828 it has been governed from the capital only by tolerance, not by right. Johnson's fatal error was in assuming that consensus means the agreement of elected persons in Washington plus a few appointed to high office. That is what it did mean in the days of Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams, when the Presidential succession was determined years in advance by the party caucus, and the electorate merely ratified the nomination of one caucus or another. But in 1828 the electorate crashed through and elected its own man, Andrew Jackson. The threat of a similar breakthrough has hung over the political establishment ever since, and disregard of it was the source of Johnson's woe.

Finally, I wish, but weakly since the hope is dim, that President Nixon might discover or invent some magic by which he could persuade his fellow-citizens to see the obvious in the relation of their country to the rest of the world. The American imperium is, however fortuitously, an established fact, and the question now is how to maintain it as a going concern. The only possible answer is to make it, from the standpoint of the rest of mankind, worth what it costs.

It costs plenty. We hold 3,000,000 square miles of the best land on the globe, and we have engrossed a huge proportion of the world's accumulated capital. In return we have supplied and still supply the world goods and services of great value to which we have recently added considerable sums of money. But in the past we have added to this certain intangibles that have won us more goodwill than our goods and services. We have been conducting a vast political experiment seeking to resolve the apparent paradox of liberty under law and we have conducted it with an energy, ingenuity, courage, and resolution that have given other peoples the supreme value of hope. (Incidentally, we have also given them some salutary warnings by horrible examples of what not to do.)

If a deficit has developed, it is on this side of the ledger, but a deficit on this side may be as disastrous as one on the other. I think that Eric Sevareid had this in mind in his remark in a *Saturday Review* article on Nixon's mandate. He said, "we have built a successful nation, but not yet a successful society or culture. If we could do that, we could bring to the world the greatest possible gift and blessing, and one within our real powers."

If the Nixon Administration might do something to convince us all of that, it would do more for the real security of the republic than it could do by solving all the domestic problems of taxation, inflation, education, housing, and the rest. For each of the others, President Nixon has half a dozen options, all good enough to make choice among them more a matter of temperament than of adamantine logic.

On one point only is he rigidly bound. He must either put a stop to the slaughter in Vietnam, or convince the whole country that our war aims are both honorable and impossible to achieve by any other means. He will do one or the other, or he will go the way that Lyndon Johnson went.

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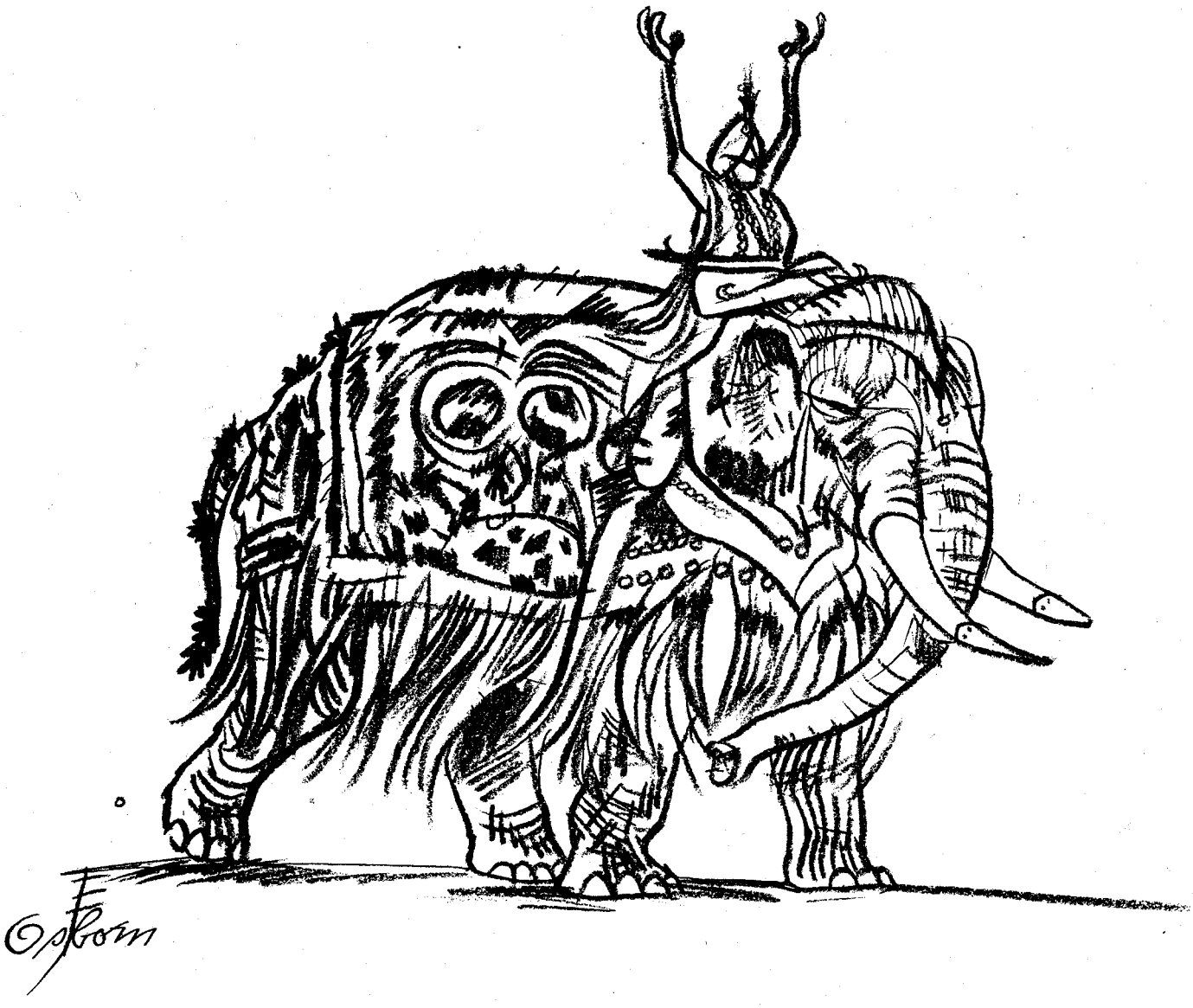

Where's the GOP Going?

Permanent Minority?

by David Broder

It is doubtful if a party has taken power in America in this century with a narrower political base and a vaguer mandate for action than the Republicans who moved into Washington and the White House last week. It is not simply that Richard M. Nixon won election with the smallest share of the popular vote of any President since Woodrow Wilson in 1912. He also won with a program, or in spite of it, that consisted of little more than a pledge to relieve somehow, the public frustration with the war in Vietnam and the unrest and violence in American society.

While his victory had been forecast throughout the fall, the Nixon Administration still has the appearance of a political accident. In the aftermath of the 1964 Goldwater debacle, virtually everyone – Mr. Nixon may have been the only exception – anticipated a prolonged period of exile from governmental responsibility for the Republicans. The party leaders decreed a moratorium on the ideological arguments that had proved so destructive in 1964 and concentrated on the task of organizational rebuilding. Most, privately, expected that the payoff of a Presidential victory would be long years away. Now, suddenly, the tide of popu-

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lar revulsion against the foreign and domestic excesses of the Johnson Administration and the idiosyncracies of Mr. Johnson's leadership has swept the Republicans back into power.

For how long? Is this the first step in the realignment of political forces that so many commentators have so long predicted – a realignment that could produce a genuine Republican majority? Or is it, like the Eisenhower Administration, simply a brief and historically insignificant interruption in the Era of Democratic Government?

The answers in the election data of last November are obscured by the candidacy of George Wallace. But what the figures seem to say is that outside the South, which clearly is in ferment, the pattern and composition of the Republican and Democratic vote was very much what it has been in every election since 1932.

The skepticism that the mere election of Mr. Nixon signifies a revolution in American politics or a basic shift in the strength of the two parties is supported by the observation of one of the shrewdest Republican governors, a man, incidentally, who is not the least unfriendly to the new President. In private conversations before the election, he offered to bet that whichever candidate won in 1968 would be a one-term President, because "neither represents the generation that is ready to take political power." Had Hubert Humphrey won with the support of the Meanys, the Daleys and the Connallys of the Democratic Party, the governor argued, he would have found himself challenged in 1972 by a "new generation" Republican – a John Lindsay, perhaps, or a Dan Evans or a Bob Finch. Nixon, no less than Humphrey, is the relic of a bygone political era, the governor argued, and it will probably be his fate in 1972 to be confronted by a "new generation" Democrat, Ted Kennedy being, obviously, the most formidable of these.

Last May, in one of his radio talks, Mr. Nixon offered his own description of the elements he hoped to assemble into a stable electoral majority – what he called "a new alignment for American unity." That new alignment, he said, would see four major groups join those of "traditionally Republican thinking":

► The "New Liberals" whose call "for a workable form of participatory democracy . . . demands a political order close to the people." He cited Daniel Patrick Moynihan, his new White House assistant, as typical of this group.

► The "New South . . . no longer prisoner of the past, no longer bound by old habits or old grievances or old racist appeals."

► The Black Militants (Mr. Nixon's own phrase), who reject "handouts or welfare" but seek "dignity, ownership and pride."

► And finally a "Silent Center" of "quiet Americans . . . committed to answers to social problems that preserve personal freedom" and who "have rejected the answers of the thirties to the problems of today."

Between that vague, idealized "new alignment" and the constituency that six months later actually elected Mr. Nixon President there is a gap of enormous dimensions. He carried 32 states and led Humphrey in every section of the country except the East. But Nixon was the choice of a *majority* of voters in only 17 states, Indiana being the largest of these. In this increasingly urban society, his share of the vote varied inversely with the size of the city. His winning margin came from the suburbs (and in some of these he ran behind his 1960 pace) and the rural small towns.

Far from being that broad coalition Nixon described, Republican voters appear to be the same kind of people who go to Republican conventions. The Ripon Society survey found the delegates at Miami Beach were 98 percent whites, 85 percent college graduates, 82 percent Protestants, 77 percent businessmen or lawyers and 46 percent Chamber of Commerce members. Neither the delegates nor the Republican voters have changed much over the years. The Republicans regained the Presidency in 1952, lost it in 1960 and regained it again in 1968. But in none of those swing elections, according to Mr. Gallup, did they lead the Democrats among Catholic voters, nonwhites, manual workers, those with grade-school educations or under-30 voters; and in none did they fail to win pluralities among whites, the college-educated, professional and business classes, white-collar workers, farmers, Protestants and over-50 voters. Indeed, Nixon led Humphrey *only* among voters over 50; Humphrey had a 3-point edge among those between 30 and 49 and a 9-point lead over Nixon among the under-30 voters.

If the Republican constituency has not changed much since General Eisenhower's first election (and perhaps for longer than that), the character and the outlook of the party, I believe, have. Certainly there has been a wholesale change in the leadership.

Only three of Mr. Nixon's 12 Cabinet members and only one of his top dozen White House aides occupied positions of any real power in the Eisenhower Administration. Of the 43 Republican Senators today, only 18 were in office when the last Republican Administration ended. Only 58 of the 192 Republicans in the House of Representatives have previously served under a Republican President, and only Nelson Rockefeller among the 30 Republican governors entered office during the Eisenhower years.

Mr. Nixon is, then, a sort of bridge to the Republican past, the man who has been the Number 1 or Number 2 officer in the only Republican Administrations that most living Americans have ever known. But he is the symbol of the mid-century Republican Party in another sense, as well, for his own career displays what I think is the significant shift of power and policy direction within the GOP. The Republicans have

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been a party rooted in the state legislatures and in Congress and oriented to the tactics of opposition. They are becoming a party rooted in the executive branch in the state capitols and in Washington and oriented to tasks of governing.

Mr. Nixon came to Washington and to prominence in the last full flowering of the Republicans' Era of Opposition. The Congress of 1946, to which he was elected, was the voters' expression of weariness with the accumulated burdens of 14 years of Democratic rule. The six years in which he served in the House and Senate saw those long-repressed Congressional Republicans go on a near-rampage against the Democratic-run Executive Branch. The series of skirmishes and battles over legislation and appropriations that marked the Truman Presidency climaxed in the great security-risk hunts led by Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, a form of guerilla warfare by Congress against the Executive Branch that almost paralyzed the functions of government. And in all of this, which we now see as a last orgy of irresponsible Republican opposition, Mr. Nixon was a prominent and enthusiastic participant.

Taken into the Eisenhower Administration, Mr. Nixon spent the years from 1953 through 1960 shuttling between Cabinet and National Security Council meetings at the White House and his own formal and constitutional duties on Capitol Hill. In these years, he often found himself the unhappy intermediary between the Party of Government downtown and the Congressional Republicans, who had trouble throwing off the familiar habits of opposition. He tried but failed to mediate the Eisenhower-McCarthy battle; he tried but largely failed to make his fellow Californian, William Knowland, accept the notion that as the Republican leader of the Senate, he should not be fighting the Republican President. His biographers, Earl Mazo and Stephen Hess, report that Nixon soon became "weary of being the lightning rod for Republican leadership." And well he might have, for the Eisenhower years, with their lassitude of Presidential leadership, ultimately failed to shift the orientation of the party from opposition to government.

It took two more defeats – and particularly the awesome drubbing of 1964 – to rid the Republicans of a lot of dead wood and the dead ideas of their past. But today they have, I believe, made that leap in their thinking. This change can be seen both in the locus of power in the party and in style and substance of the party's internal debates. It is this change, too, which makes it possible – though far from certain – that the Republicans under Nixon may construct that firm popular majority that has so long eluded them.

This shift began in the early 1960's at the state level and gathered momentum in each successive election. In 1962 Republicans made a net gain of only one governorship – going from 16 to 17 – but took control of such key states as Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania. In 1964, despite the Goldwater defeat, they won governorships in three more sizable states while losing two small ones. In 1966 came a massive breakthrough, a net gain of eight governorships. In 1968, while winning the White House, they added another five, bringing the total to 30, including the governorships in eight of the ten largest States.

However, the Republican gains in state legislatures and Congress have not kept pace with this breakthrough in the executive branches. They control the legislatures in only 20 states. Across the country, as in Congress, the Republican share of the legislative seats has hovered around the 40 percent mark, well below a majority.

This is, perhaps, a new pattern in American politics, an interesting addition to the constitutional system of checks and balances. What the voters seem to be saying is that they trust the Democrats on the legislative issues – on Medicare and consumer laws and a dozen other matters – but they prefer the Republicans for management of government. That some of the Nixon men accept this theory is indicated by Don Oberdorfer's report in *The Washington Post* that one participant in the pre-Inauguration meeting of the new Cabinet characterized the Administration's goal as "a more efficient Great Society."

Management skills are perhaps the greatest asset of the modern Republican Party. The most successful Republican politician of this era (despite his failures in Presidential politics) has probably been Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York. His innovations in the financing and administration of transport, housing, education and environmental programs represent as great a breakthrough in the scale and sophistication of state government as his grandfather's creation of the Standard Oil complex represented in the history of twentieth century private enterprise.

In one way or another, the other Republican governors – many of them former business executives or engineers – have modeled themselves on Rockefeller's New York example. As a group, they tend to be competent and determinedly nonideological. Mr. Nixon has chosen half a dozen men from Republican state administrations for the top ranks of his Administration. Columnist Richard Wilson made the essential point about them and their colleagues when he wrote that Mr. Nixon had "effectively buried the old order in the Republican Party" by choosing men in whom "Republican ideology is muted to the vanishing point, in favor of the pragmatic political approach." The members of the new Administration spurn the clichés of traditional Republicanism and talk the jargon of computer-age engineering. "We have to look at the totality of the environment from an interdisciplinary approach," HEW Secretary Robert H. Finch told his first press conference. "I hope to be action-oriented in

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this office and . . . pragmatic in the approaches I recommend."

Whatever pain this kind of talk causes to lovers of the language, it offers the new Administration a way to avoid the old arguments between conservatives and liberals and between Congress and the Executive that proved so damaging to the Republicans in Eisenhower's time. General Eisenhower began his term with a Republican Congress, an advantage Mr. Nixon does not share. But Mr. Nixon may well find that he can count on more help from his party on Capitol Hill than the last Republican President, because the changes in the membership and leadership of the Congressional Republicans have elevated to power "activists" whose thinking accords with the "pragmatists" downtown.

The venerable gentlemen from Pekin and Melvin, Ill., Senate Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen and House Minority Whip Leslie M. Arends, lend an aura of traditionalism to the leadership, but the center of power has shifted to men of a generation younger.

A striking example of the approach of the Republicans now dominant on Capitol Hill came in the legislative program for 1969 suggested by Rep. John Rhodes of Arizona, the chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee. Rhodes is – literally – Barry Goldwater's Congressman, but the top five items on his committee's agenda comprised a program supported also by the most liberal Republicans.

They were electoral college reform, clean elections legislation, Congressional reform, creation of a "new Hoover Commission" on executive organization and legislation for block grants and revenue-sharing with the states and cities.

As this agenda suggests, the emphasis of the Republicans is less on specific new legislative programs than on an overhaul of the basic machinery and structure of government. Some will see this as an escapist device, but that is a superficial view. "Process is policy," as McCluhan has said and Eugene McCarthy has repeated, and a fundamental redistribution of authority and revenues within the federal system, to say nothing of a modernization of the operations of Congress, and a reform of the financing and conduct of our elections, could bring vast changes and improvements in public policy. It might also – and doubtless this idea has occured to the sponsors of these reforms – offer the Republicans an answer to their longstanding political quandry.

"The fundamental Republican problem," A. James Reichley wrote in a perceptive article in *Fortune* magazine before the 1968 election, "has always been to gather enduring popular support for a relatively conservative philosophy of government." Peter F. Drucker had suggested the Republicans might find that majority among the new generation of "the affluent, young, educated middle class." Instead, as we have already seen, Nixon was forced to win his thin plurality among voters over 50. "The result," in Joseph Kraft's phrase, was an "unmajority that leaves major elements of the electorate still casting about for new loyalties."

Since the election, Mr. Nixon has been the recipient of great quantities of conflicting advice on how to win the loyalties of those who did not support him last November. The key to the Republican future, he has been told, lies in the cities, or in the suburbs, or in the South. He should aim for the Negro vote, the Wallace vote, the McCarthy vote.

There is something persuasive to be said for almost all those competing strategies. The Southern strategy, for example, has obvious appeal. Earlier than almost any other national Republican leader, Mr. Nixon grasped the potential for Republican growth in Dixie. He did everything in his considerable power to foster that growth and saw his effort bear fruit. Between 1960 and 1968, the South contributed, on a net basis, one-third of the additional Republican governors, one-half the additional Republican Senators and *all* the additional Republican members of the House.

Further, the Southern states gave Nixon half the votes he needed for nomination and – despite Wallace – a vital 75 electoral votes toward his victory.

With the 10 million Wallace voters representing, perhaps, the largest and most available target for the Republicans and with the South apparently the most fertile field for growth of Republican Congressional strength, such conservatives as M. Stanton Evans, writing in *Human Events*, have argued that an extension of the "Southern strategy" offers Mr. Nixon the best chance to "solidify the Republican presidential majority and build the Party toward majority status in Congress."

On the other hand, the liberal Ripon Society argues with equal plausibility, that the "Southern strategy" is a false trail. It notes that far more marginal House and Senate seats will be at stake in "liberal areas" of the country in 1970 than in the South. And as for 1972, it says, to win the 70 electoral votes of Texas, Maryland and the five Wallace states, Mr. Nixon would have to go so far to the right that he would necessarily jeopardize almost twice that many electoral votes in states like Ohio, Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Oregon and California.

As between the advice of the Ripon Society and the American Conservative Union, a John Lindsay and a Strom Thurmond, Mr. Nixon's own instinct, it appears, is to cling to a center course, celebrating "the simple things." This is true both of his legislative and his political strategy. In Congress, it is clear that on fiscal issues he will have to rely on the "conservative coalition" of Republicans and Southern Democrats to resist the domestic spending plans of the urban Democrats. On other issues – including the reform of Con-

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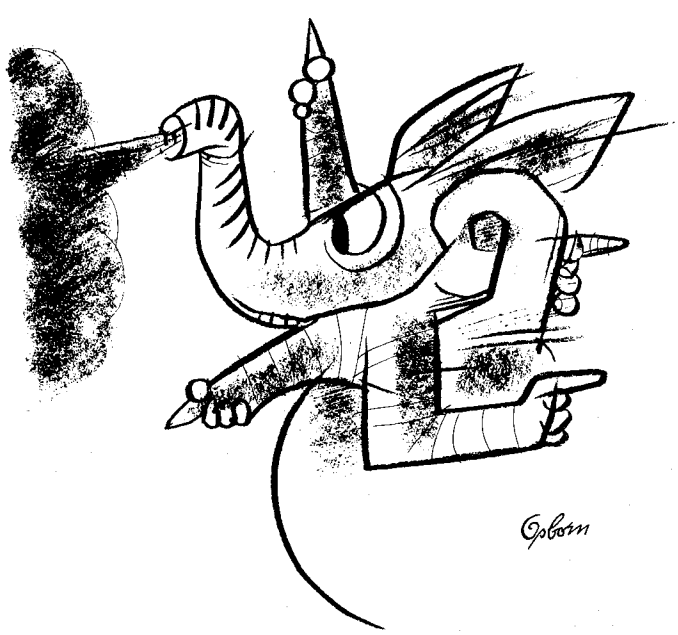
gress, the federal system and elections – he can succeed only if he can work with such men as Sens. Muskie, Kennedy, Ribicoff and Bayh and the insurgent liberals in the House Democratic Study Group who have no more vested interest than he does in preserving the bureaucratic and Congressional status quo.

It will take tactics of great skill and flexibility to construct a majority for the Republicans in the country, or in Congress, and it is too early to know whether Mr. Nixon will have the luck and the talent required. To some extent, control of the government will in itself help the Republicans to broaden their base of support. The party in power, whatever its name, attracts many of those with an ambition for public service. Academics like Moynihan and Kissinger, lawyers, and even some labor officials will find their own justifications for helping an opposition Administration that has interesting appointments to offer. Particularly is this true among members of that young generation of recent college graduates which both parties covet. Just as many sons and daughters of rock-ribbed Republicans found their way into the Peace Corps and then the Democratic Party, so the Nixon Administration's talent scout, Harry Flemming, now reports that dozens of job applications are arriving from erstwhile McCarthy and Kennedy workers who want a piece of the action and know that, for four years at least, Mr. Nixon has the only game in town.

If the Republicans can maintain for more than a fleeting moment their position as the party of government in Washington and the major states; if they can deliver on a reasonable proportion of their promises; if they can find a way to decentralize the Great Society programs and involve more people in them, they might well emerge as the majority party of the last third of the century, as they were in the first third. They are not that today, but, for the moment, the initiative and the opportunity are theirs.



Senate: The Balancing Act

by John Osborne

Just before the 91st Congress convened in early January, I asked Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois to clarify news accounts of his attitude toward two of his Republican colleagues and their rival ambitions to assist him in his role as the Senate Minority Leader. Senator Dirksen had been the Minority Leader since 1959 and – reelected last November to his fourth Senate term at age 72 – he was sure to retain the floor leadership without opposition when the 43 Republican Senators in this Congress met in secret caucus. For the first time since 1959, however, there was a contest for the assistant leadership. The former assistant, or "Whip," Senator Thomas H. Kuchel of California, had been defeated for renomination and another Republican of moderate persuasion, Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, was opposing Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska for the vacated post. Senator Dirksen had not announced a preference for either of them. He was known to favor Hruska, but the news reports had him lending his man only "tacit support" and acting as if he didn't much care who won. Did he care and, if he did, why? He answered: "I am a conservative. Mr. Hruska is a conservative. Mr. Hruska is more nearly in line with my thinking . . . this country has elected a President whom I regard as a conservative. I don't think you need any more than that, do you?"

As it turned out, a majority of the new Senate's Republicans decided that they needed considerably more than that. They elected Senator Scott and rejected Senator Hruska, 23 to 20. The event was overshadowed in public interest by Edward M. Kennedy's sudden and successful drive to unseat the Democratic Whip, Russell Long of Louisiana, but the Republican choice probably tells more about the Senate Republicans as they line up for the first Nixon years than the Kennedy victory tells about the Democrats.

For an understanding of what Scott over Hruska means, we have to go back to 1959 and to the circumstances that led the 35 Republicans then in the Senate to choose Kuchel, the California maverick, for their Whip at the same time they elected Dirksen, who at the time was even more conservative than he is now, their leader-in-chief. The Republican liberals (the term is used in a relative sense) had put up John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky for leader and Kuchel for his assistant; the conservatives, Dirksen and Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota. Dirksen won as expected, 21 to 14, and his forces were set to elect Mundt when Senator George D. Aiken of Vermont intervened. In his fourth term – he was reelected last November to his sixth – he argued as he had many times in the past that the Republican Party was committing national suicide with its tendency, personified

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by the Dirksen-Mundt combination, to let its "extreme right-wing conservatives" monopolize the leadership. A Senator who was present recalls, perhaps with some exaggeration, that the usually quiet and gentle Aiken told Dirksen, Mundt and their leader-in-fact, the late Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, "If you do this, it will be war to the death. You'll never draw another peaceful breath." Aiken said enough to convince Bridges that the imposition of Dirksen *and* Mundt upon the moderate faction would irretrievably split the party in the Senate. Bridges passed the word and Kuchel won by the same vote that Dirksen had received. Dirksen squelched a tentative move to replace Kuchel in 1966 and there probably would have been no contest this year if Kuchel had returned. With him out, the Dirksen conservatives figured that one of their own, Senator Hruska, could be installed without the disruptive effects of ousting a moderate incumbent.

By the accepted canons of Senate conduct, Mr. Hruska deserved to win. Appointed to the Senate in 1954 and twice elected to full terms, he is respected by his moderate-to-liberal colleagues, Republican and Democratic, for his dogged energy, his unspectacular but recognized talents as a lawyer and legislator, and – a quality noted with a certain admiration by his fellows – his unexcelled capacity for couching cogent points in ponderous language. In person, he is a warm and likable man. In his public guise, he is among the dullest of the dull. The super-conservative Americans for Constitutional Action annoys him year after year with ratings of 95 to a perfect 100 on its "consistency index" (he was the only Senator who scored 100 with ACA in 1968). His votes displeased *The New Republic* on 11 of 12 significant issues last year, and he finishes near the bottom of Americans for Democratic Action ratings. He has voted against every authorization and appropriation for foreign economic aid since he entered the Senate. He has worked, usually in collaboration with Senator Dirksen, to water down every civil rights bill enacted since 1957 and, also with Dirksen, has voted for all of them in their final versions. He has similarly worked and voted to diminish and then to pass, though with less consistency, some poverty and urban renewal legislation. He has originated several measures aimed at penal reform and the humane treatment of narcotics addicts and, with at least equal zeal, has cosponsored tough anti-crime laws that rely heavily upon wiretaps and other covert surveillance. Last year, in the wake of the King and Kennedy assassinations, he withstood a flood of Nebraska letters opposing any control whatever over gun sales and, as one of the Judiciary Committee's most industrious members, helped to narrow and then to pass an act imposing limited federal controls.

Senator Scott offers a fairly complete contrast, both in personality and record. At 68, four years older than Senator Hruska, Senator Scott has the verve of a much younger man (his age is not mentioned in his official biographical sketches). He is witty; a collector of Chinese art; fast on his feet, and, when he wishes to be, cutting in debate. He rated a minus 41 (printed in red) on ACA's 1968 index and suited *The New Republic* with eight of 12 votes on selected issues last year. Senator Scott supported, Senator Hruska opposed two proposals by a staunch conservative, Senator John Williams of Delaware, to hold down subsidy payments to wealthy farmers. Scott opposed, Hruska supported four amendments that would have pretty well gutted the open-housing sections of the 1968 Civil Rights Act. Hruska supported, Scott opposed two attempts to cut the funds appropriated for model cities and urban renewal. But Senator Scott voted with Senator Hruska against three efforts to delete or modify the wiretap authority granted to federal officials in the Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, and both of them supported a Dirksen amendment allotting most of the funds authorized for improving police forces and practices to the states to spend as they choose. Hruska opposed, Scott supported a proposal to delay the construction of an anti-ballistic missile system, but both of them voted against a more stringent proposal to eliminate ABM funds from the defense budget. Both also opposed extending the life of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency for more than one year.

The fact that 23 of this year's 43 Republican Senators preferred Senator Scott with his record to Senator Hruska with his record speaks for itself. But there was more to the vote for Whip than that. Six of the nine new Republican Senators (excluding Barry Goldwater, who was returning to the Senate after his 1964 debacle, and Charles Goodell of New York, who was appointed in time to take his seat at the last session), voted for Scott. Eleven of the 17 Republicans elected or appointed in the past two years preferred him to Roman Hruska. Senator Hruska, confident of victory up to the hour of voting, had counted on the support of at least three of the freshman Senators (Marlow Cook of Kentucky, Robert Packwood of Oregon and

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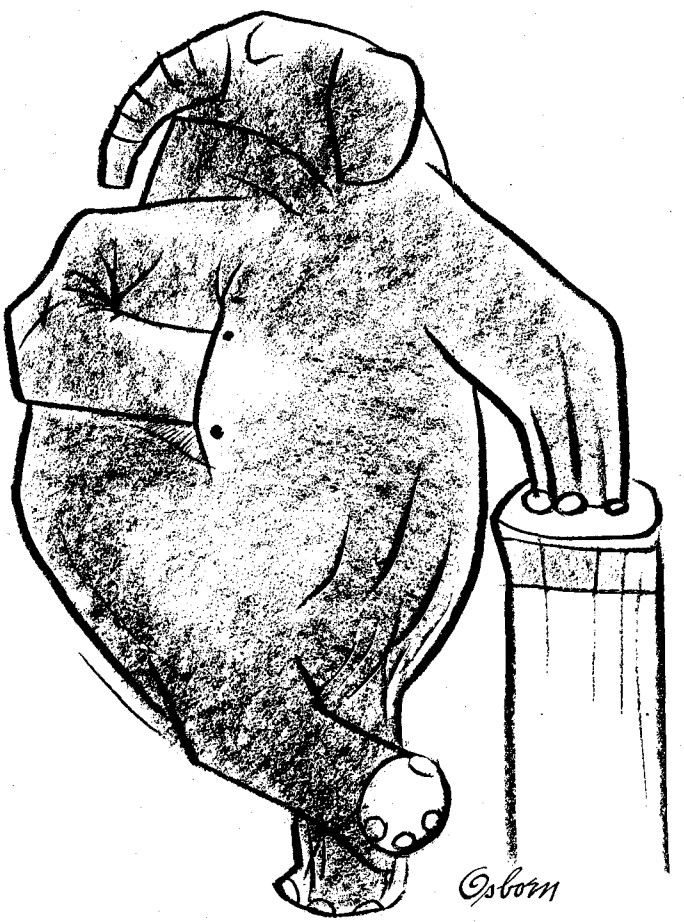
William Saxbe of Ohio) who went to Scott. But the harshest blow to Senator Hruska and his patron, Senator Dirksen, was the vote of four of the Senate's six senior Republicans. Of the six, only Karl Mundt and Dirksen himself voted for Hruska. Senator Aiken, senior of them all, was expected to vote for Scott and did (he seconded Scott's nomination in the caucus). The second and third Senators in length of service, Milton Young of North Dakota and John Williams of Delaware, and Margaret Chase Smith of Maine (fifth), also chose Scott over Hruska. They haven't said why, but it may be supposed that they remembered the 1959 showdown between Mundt and Kuchel, and George Aiken's warning, and considered that it applied even more forcefully now than it had then. Senator Young promised his vote to Scott soon after Kuchel was defeated last fall. A conservative by most ratings and "a little right of center" by his own, he was said to feel that the moderate wing represented by Senator Scott should retain the second spot in plain fairness and, more importantly, because of the impression the country would gather from the vote.

Senator Aiken, who is as wise as they come on Capitol Hill, said afterward: "I had in mind the effect the result would have on the country. I felt it very important that we not give the image to the country that the very conservative wing controls the party, and by control I mean monopolizes the party and the leadership. The conservative wing had the power to take over, to monopolize the party in the Senate completely. The question was, did they have the judgment not to do it? They did have the power, and they had the wisdom not to do it." Of Senator Hruska: "He has the ability, he likes to work, he attends to his work. But there was the feeling that he was put forward by the extreme right wing of the party."

And put forward, though Senator Aiken was too courteous to say so, by Senator Dirksen. The cruel truth is that a good many Senators, veteran conservatives among them, are fed up with Mr. Dirksen's leadership. His changeable ways, usually attributed by the press to an admirable flexibility and wiliness, have caused acute embarrassment to Senators who were prepared to follow him in (for example) opposition to the consular treaty with the Soviet Union, only to find him suddenly for it; or, for another recent instance, federal rent supplements, which he marshalled the Republican troops to oppose and then commanded them to support on a reduced scale. Conservative Senator Williams of Delaware, in an open letter aimed at the departed Senator Kuchel, who was not renowned for his industry on the floor, but by implication also at Senator Dirksen, touched upon another source of complaint. Because the floor leaders were often too busy to be on the floor, he had observed situations "where there would be no Republican Senator on the floor during the discussions of major bills." The remedy, he rather unkindly added, might be the election this year of an assistant leader who was junior in both service and age to either Scott or Hruska.

Beneath the surface of customary Senatorial courtesy, it was not an altogether gentlemanly struggle. Scott, Hruska and Dirksen asked some of the freshmen what their committee preferences were – just idle curiosity, of course. The freshmen's votes actually made little or no difference in their committee assignments; those who voted for Scott fared as well as the three who voted for Hruska. It was said of Senator Hruska that "he lives under Senator Dirksen's armpit" and of Senator Scott that some of his non-friends in Pennsylvania call him "Potty Scotty – because he won't get off the pot."

That sort of thing was rare, and by the way. What mattered was that a majority of this year's Republican Senators, probably including quite a few of the 20 who voted for Hruska (19, really, since Hruska and Scott voted for themselves), were genuinely concerned about the party's "image." One gathered, hearing the word so often in explanation of the vote, that they may be more concerned with the image than with the substance behind it. But the concern is constructive if it implies a preference for the moderate image projected by Senator Scott rather than the one cast by Senator Dirksen when he said: "I am a conservative. Mr. Hruska is a conservative."



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House: The Anderson Switch

by Paul Duke

By any standard the election of John Bayard Anderson to be chairman of the House Republican Conference is a step forward. The 46-year-old Illinois Congressman is the antithesis of Melvin Laird, his predecessor. Anderson is personally engaging and one of the most popular Republicans in the House; Laird was feared and mistrusted by many of his colleagues. Anderson is a thoughful student of the issues; Laird was a backroom mastermind who loved to play general at power politics. Most of all, Anderson has shown an increased ability to break loose from his Midwest conservative moorings and to chart a new course toward the political center. His remarks are refreshingly devoid of the customary clichés and the paeans to the past that characterize so much GOP oratory. Anderson is the one Republican on the legislation-clearing Rules Committee that Democrats can do business with, and Richard Bolling, the astute Democrat who carries the ball for liberal bills before the committee, regards him as the ablest Republican in the House of Representatives.

Anderson was another obscure Congressman until last April, when he burst into national headlines by breaking with the Republican leadership and casting the swing vote that enabled the Johnson Administration's open housing bill to squeak through the Rules Committee by an eight to seven vote. Then, with Democratic leaders rushing to push through the measure after Martin Luther King's assassination, he delivered a supporting speech on the floor that is widely credited with nailing down enough shaky Republicans to assure passage by 18 votes. Talking without notes, he told the chamber: "I legislate today not out of fear, but out of deep concern for the America I love. . . . I think it would surprise you, perhaps, if I said I do not see this particular piece of legislation as any memorial to the dead. I see it rather as that cloud and that pillar that will guide the way of the living." It was a moment not often witnessed in the rambunctious House, and in the applause that followed, Democratic Representative John Conyers of Michigan, the unofficial leader of House blacks, walked across the well of the chamber to shake Anderson's hand.

When he arrived in Congress in 1961, there was little reason to think Anderson's voting habits would be greatly different from the dyed-in-wool brand of conservatism traditionally displayed by representatives from the 16th Illinois district, a flatland of farms hemming one major city, Rockford, 85 miles northwest of Chicago. After graduating from the University of Illinois, he studied law at Harvard and put in three years of Foreign Service duty in Berlin. Returning to Rockford in 1955, Anderson set up a law office, and got his first taste of politics by becoming state's attorney of Winnebago County. When veteran Representative Leo Allen quit in 1960, Anderson and four other Republicans battled it out in a primary for the Republican nomination. Anderson was not the favorite, but he won anyway and easily warded off a Democratic opponent in the fall.

He said little and did little in Congress until 1967. He consistently voted with the Old Guard. He opposed Democratic measures to expand federal welfare programs and assistance to the cities. The Americans for Constitutional Action gave him a well-done 88 percent rating for his first six years. It is hard to say when the turning point came, but in small, almost unnoticed ways Anderson began moderating his votes. He started backing increased aid for education, subsidies to help the poor buy homes and an expanded food stamp program. He joined a stouthearted few advocating federal gun licensing. Anderson acknowledges his views have changed: "There are not many members who have the apocalyptic vision of Paul, who suddenly switch course overnight, declaring henceforth I will be a conservative no more. You acquire more knowledge, you study new ideas, you recognize change, so you grow."

There are some who regard Anderson's break with orthodoxy as more a matter of political practicality than growth. He is, after all, an ambitious man whose name is mentioned with increased frequency as a possible future replacement for Everett Dirksen in the Senate. Under the circumstances it is not inconceivable that he would move to broaden his base beyond the back-home Bourbons of the 16th district. Apart from this, it is questionable how much of an influence for progressivism Anderson can be in his new role. As head of the GOP conference – the assembly of all 192 House Republicans – his primary task will be to mobilize support for the Nixon program. Laird transformed the job into a power base second only to Gerald R. Ford's position of minority leader and used it to promote a variety of pet schemes, but with a Republican Administration the fountainhead for Republican legislative goals will be at the executive level.

Even so, it is worth noting that Anderson split with Ford and the rest of the top Republican leadership team on the new session's opening day when he alone voted to seat Adam Clayton Powell without penalties. The Republicans, in collaboration with their old friends, the Southern Democrats, won that one, of course, tending to prove again, that GOP Congressmen "have learned nothing and forgotten nothing." The harsh stand against Powell seemed peculiarly incomprehensible in view of President Nixon's alienation from Negroes and what happened to former Representative Thomas B. Curtis, the man who led the successful fight to bar Powell in 1967. Curtis was beaten by Democrat Thomas F. Eagleton in their Missouri

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Senate contest when Negro wards in St. Louis and Kansas City gave Eagleton lopsided margins, as much as 18 to 1.

Nothing so emphasizes the plight of House Republicans as the longtime romance with Southern Democrats. Although Ford made a widely heralded speech in 1966 proclaiming an end to working arrangements with the Dixiecrats, the pickup of 47 Republican seats that year brought the alliance back into business and it enjoyed one of its most successful two-year periods in the 90th Congress. Unlike the Johnson-dominated 89th Congress, where the coalition won only 39 percent of the time, it defeated the Administration's supporters on 68 percent of major tests in the 90th. In perpetuating a relationship that began in Franklin Roosevelt's days, most Republicans blithely ignore the unpleasant fact that this has also been the period of greatest decline for Congressional Republicans. The GOP has controlled the House in only four of the past 36 years and since 1958 it has had fewer than 200 members in any session.

To be sure, Ford has endeavored to put a new face on the party and disprove the dictum of the late Robert Taft that "minority leaders have no responsibility for presenting a program . . . their role is one of opposition and criticism." Task forces, and special study panels have turned out a steady stream of legislative proposals in an effort to erase the image of sterility. Some of the ideas have been provocative, a few have been quite good. A 9,000-word report by a task force on crime, headed by Rep. Richard Poff of Virginia, had a number of constructive suggestions, including a recommendation that the new Administration continue and enlarge the special "strike forces" set up by Ramsey Clark to fight big-city mobsters. House Republicans also have become the principal hope for Congressional reform, now that Speaker John McCormack and Democratic leaders have shown little intention of pushing substantive changes in the legislative structure.

Ford has given younger, program-minded Republicans a greater voice in party affairs since he succeeded Charles Halleck in 1965. Against the wishes of some of the party elders, he set up an eight-member research and planning committee and included its chairman, the aggressive Charles Goodell of New York, in the leadership command. Liberals also have made a few breakthroughs in landing major committee assignments; Donald Riegle of Michigan, a freshman, was given an unprecedented spot on the conservative-controlled Appropriations Committee in 1967. A youthful 55, Ford is regarded as a fair man. He has never displayed the hostility toward the young activists that Halleck did and has never resorted to extreme pressure tactics in trying to keep Republicans in line on crucial votes.

The efforts to promote positivism, however, have not been notably successful. For one thing, the institutional

machinery of the party has remained firmly in the hands of the conservatives. The 28-member Policy Committee has served chiefly as a mouthpiece for conservative dogma. The Rules Committee and the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee are heavily-weighted to the right, and all but three of the 21 Republicans on the Appropriations Committee are strict conservatives. When Silvio Conte of Massachusetts tried last month to switch from the subcommittee for foreign aid to the one for education and welfare funding, he encountered resistance from Rep. Frank Bow of Ohio, the ranking Republican, even though Robert Finch, Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary, let it be known that he would like Conte on the panel to brighten up its Neanderthalian complexion. Furthermore, the rise of a new Southern wing now numbering 26 members, most of them far to the right, has strengthened the standpatters. The Republican leadership supported a weakened version of the voting rights bill in 1965 in deference to the new Dixiecrats. It was certainly not a promising omen for progressivism – or for the Nixon program, either – that the one Republican vacancy on the Appropriations panel this year was awarded to Jack Edwards of Alabama.

Goodell and his activist sidekick, Minnesota's Albert Quie, tried to put together a Republican anti-poverty program two years ago. The program, dubbed "Opportunity Crusade", was unveiled with considerable fanfare as the answer to the Johnson Administration's war on poverty. In the ensuing floor debate, Democrats ridiculed the substitute bill as unworkable. Surprisingly, though, a majority of Republicans turned against it – liberals because they agreed with the Democratic contentions, conservatives because they

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preferred to vote against any program. The upshot was that "Opportunity Crusade" was buried without even a formal vote. Nor have the Republicans in the House, for all their dedication to local initiative, shown much interest in preserving the concept of neighborhood-controlled community action projects in the face of assaults by Democratic mayors who prefer control to be centralized at city hall.

John F. Kennedy's housing bill of 1961 was opposed by 83 percent of Republicans; Lyndon Johnson's bill of 1968 by 77 percent. In one instance – the fight over extending the draft – the party flubbed a chance to improve its standing with young people when the leadership decided to support the Democratic bill and spurned the appeal of younger members that the GOP embrace a package of reforms. Where an issue has gained broad support, it has usually coincided with GOP philosophy and considerations of national need have seemed secondary. Thus, federal revenue-sharing with the states has become a popular concept, mainly because it is viewed as a means to curb the federal government and to give the states more political power. Herein is the heart of the matter: the Republican efforts have not succeeded because they have collided head-on with the negative attitudes of the majority of GOP members who disapprove of bills to expand federal activity – even Republican bills.

Consequently, the party has continued to suffer from its obsession with fiscal issues and a seeming indifference to human issues. Republican Congressmen who have found it easy to engage in gnat-straining battles over raising the federal debt ceiling have found it equally easy to vote against funds to eradicate rats. Indeed, the unwillingness to support the substantially larger sums for the cities illustrates the problem. Not only did Republican leaders make budget cuts of $6 billion the price for their support of the Administration's income-tax surcharge last year, but they also opposed the new rent subsidy and model cities programs when they were first submitted. In bucking the model cities program, they resisted the pressures of several Republican governors, the mayors of most cities, a sizable number of housing developers and a committee of prominent businessmen. Ford voted against the bill even though his home city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was anxious to get one of the first grants. Here, too, the institutional machinery interferes. The four Republican Congressmen on the appropriations subcommittee that handles city aid bills are confirmed conservatives, not one of whom comes from a city of more than 100,000. During the 89th Congress, the Policy Committee called for establishment of a Congressional captive-nations committee, took a fearless stand against desecration of the flag and condemned the Administration's handling of the *Pueblo* affair, but the only one of its 45 other resolutions dealing with city problems was an endorsement of tax credits for job training.

Nor have House Republicans shown much interest in such newer issues as air and water pollution and the wide range of consumer problems. It is these issues that increasingly interest voters in the suburbs, an electorate that is up for grabs in many places. Nassau and Westchester counties, outside New York city, are classic examples of how the GOP's failure to adapt to change has cost the party some of its traditional territory. Long bastions of Republicanism, the counties are now ticket-splitting, two-party battlegrounds, with Democrats possessing three of the five House seats. GOP tacticians were confident of recapturing the Nassau seat of retiring Democratic Rep. Herbert Tenzer last year when the Democrats nominated Allard Lowenstein. But Lowenstein won, largely because the conservative Republican candidate, Mason Hampton, ran an uninspired campaign built around the tired shibboleths of taxing and spending. The one group in the House that has sought to give the party a more urban orientation is the Wednesday Club, a band of 20-odd liberals, which, among other things, is pushing for creation of a House Urban Affairs Committee to handle metropolitan aid bills. The club has carried little weight in Republican councils, however, and since its formation in 1963 it has remained a rather pale imitation of such Republican rebels of the past as Robert LaFollette, George Norris and Fiorello LaGuardia.

What seems plain is that many Republicans, sheltered from the winds of public opinion in safe districts, still prefer the straitjacket of the oldtime parochialism to a revitalized, redirected party. How much Nixon can and will want to bring about a change is uncertain. The President's support of urban assistance and social welfare measures obviously will win the grudging support of some mossbacks, although Dwight Eisenhower found it difficult at times to teach old dogs new voting habits. Those who believe the GOP can no longer afford the luxury of automatic opposition to fresh ideas believe Anderson's election to the conference chairmanship may be more meaningful in the long run. Many Republicans expect him to be the next party leader if he doesn't go to the Senate; indeed, there are whispers the way could be cleared by a future appointment of Ford to the Supreme Court.

"The only way we can regain supremacy in Congress is to convince the country there is a new spirit of creativity in the Republican Party," says Anderson. "We've got to prove that we don't want to retreat to some backwater, that we, too, are concerned and have consciences, that we are bothered because people are ill-housed and ill-fed." He's right.

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The Case of Massachusetts

by Paul R. Wieck

If you follow Route 128, an arc wedging Boston against the Atlantic Ocean, from Weymouth to the south around to Danvers on the north, you will pass through the heart of a huge, growing suburban sprawl. Fed by a hungry electronics-educational complex, it is peopled more and more by younger, educated and fiercely independent voters who are typical of the new suburban concentrations springing up across the megalopolis that stretches from Boston to Washington, D.C. As Mr. Broder and others have pointed out, they are also one of the keys to President Nixon's hope of converting his 43 percent of the 1968 electorate into a winning, workable majority by 1972.

Once, a lot of years ago, suburbia was equated with undeviating Republicanism. You still find pockets of this along Route 128 – in Wellesley, Needham and similar towns. But President Nixon didn't do at all well along Route 128 in 1968; his slump there was one of the reasons he lost Massachusetts to Vice President Humphrey by an even greater margin (over 700,000) than he had to the young idol of the Bay State – John F. Kennedy – eight years earlier. Nor was this an exception. Westchester County, N.Y., once a GOP banner county in that state, gave the Nixon-Agnew ticket a paltry margin in 1968 as the new generation of commuters turned to the Democrats once more.

Yet, Route 128, like Westchester County in New York, may represent the last hope of Republicanism in the Northeast. In fact, a majority of the GOP state senators in Massachusetts represent this sprawling complex, as do several of the Republican members of Congress. It is here that successful statewide candidates must turn to offset the heavy Democratic margins in Boston. To quote State Sen. Johnny Parker of Taunton, GOP minority leader in the state senate and, until recently, the state chairman, this suburban belt is being "assaulted daily by affluent Democrats."

To see Route 128 in a national perspective, it must be viewed in the context of two realities – the map of the 1968 election and the demography of this country when the voters trooped to the polls to choose the Nixon-Agnew ticket by a narrow popular plurality.

Two areas eluded President Nixon last November – the heavily populated Boston to Washington megalopolis, which gave Vice President Humphrey handsome pluralities (sometimes, heavy majorities) and the bulk of his electoral votes and, at the other extreme, the core of the Deep South, which was loyal to George Wallace's brand of racist euphemisms. Elsewhere, from Ohio to California, across the mid-South and into the Southwest, Richard Nixon swept all before him.

Thus, it would appear imperative that he turn to one or the other – the Northeast or the Deep South – for the new support he will need in building his party.

The demographic factor measures another side of the Republicans' problem in winning a majority.

In 1950, this country counted 151 million inhabitants. Of these, 52 million could be found in the inner cities, a stronghold of ethnic-oriented, labor-affiliated Democrats and minority groups. It still is. But, while the population was growing to 195.6 million by 1968, a gain of almost one-third, the population of the inner cities reached a peak of only 58 million in 1966 and fell back to 57 million two years later. As a voting bloc, it is losing its muscle. At the same time, the non-metropolitan share of the population in the farms and small towns that gave President Nixon his victory was creeping up slowly, from 62 million in 1950 to 70 million in 1968.

The rate of growth in the suburban areas, however, was fantastic. In 1950, only 37 million lived there. By 1968, the figure was 68 million. By 1972, the largest segment of voters will live in suburban areas. If President Nixon can reclaim the voters along Route 128, the commuters in Westchester and Nassau counties, he can write off the rednecks in the Deep South who responded en masse to Wallace.

How is this to be done?

Massachusetts is a test tube in the Northeast. Its politics reflect the basic tensions found in the late sixties between the guardians of the old order of ward politics and the new generations of cause-oriented voters along Route 128 (and their city cousins as well). It is a state in which Republican candidates have had a great deal of success at a state level, even though Bay State voters tend to identify more and more with Democrats at a national level.

One hallmark of these new voters is complete independence from the courthouse and clubhouse pols. Often highly educated and moderate-to-liberal in outlook, they tend to be switch hitters, not only in the polls but in campaign work. One key GOP worker in Boston, noting that "everybody wants a cause," explained that these same people don't find partisan politics, including the structured town and state committees, relevant to their political experience. But give them a candidate who has the aura of a cause and watch out.

This has resulted in a considerable degree of cross-pollenization. For instance, many of the people attracted to Mayor John Lindsay's first campaign for mayor showed up either in Sen. McCarthy's headquarters or out on Long Island ringing doorbells for Rep. Allard K. Lowenstein this year. In Boston, John Sears, the imaginative and liberal GOP candidate for sheriff who came within a few thousand votes of defeating Boston's old pols in their back yard, recruited hundreds of young people who were also attracted to McCarthy.

The same pattern shows up in registration figures

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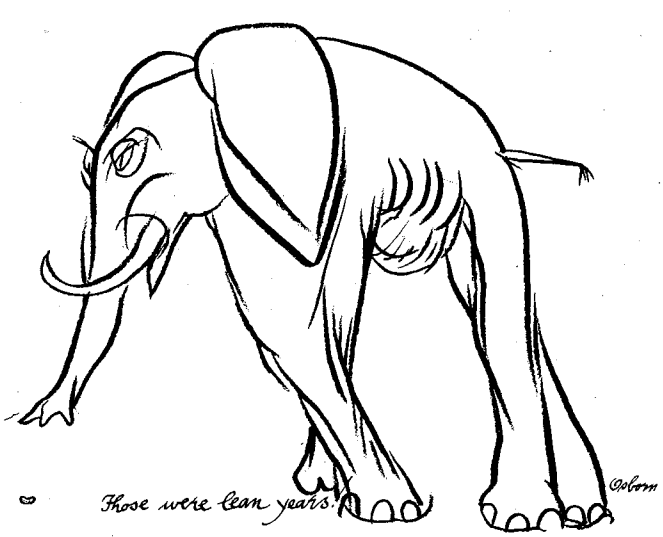
throughout New England. Despite the basically Democratic leaning of Bay State voters in a national campaign, that party does not have a clear majority of the registered voters because of the huge number of "unaffiliated" voters on the books. The latest count for Massachusetts shows 1,117,530 Democrats, 915,701 unaffiliated and 557,820 Republicans. In Connecticut and New Hampshire, unaffiliated voters outnumber both Republicans and Democrats. A good chunk of these unaffiliated voters are so listed because they don't vote in primaries. But checks with people who man registration desks in these areas show increasing numbers, particularly of young people, who flatly decline to list a preference. And if they do, it's often meaningless in the polling booth.

In Massachusetts, the "old politics" is the domain of the Irish Catholic Democrats, as it once was of Yankee Republicans. However, the very Irish pols who railed against the exclusiveness of the Yankees now, in turn, find themselves pulled down time and again by a combination of the undertow of ethnic rivalries and the growing independence of voters along Route 128. Italians, French Canadians, Portuguese, Jews, Negroes, all are finding their promising young men can move up faster in the GOP than in the Irish-ridden Democratic party.

How will President Nixon, the first party-oriented Republican to sit in the White House in decades, react to this situation?

Think back to 1958, the year the Massachusetts Republicans hit their all-time low after three decades of steady losses. They began losing minor state offices – the state auditor in 1938, the secretary of state and the state treasurer in 1948. Starting in 1946, the Democrats began reversing a long 10-4 GOP edge in the House of Representatives delegation. Today, it is 7-5 Democratic, and the five Republicans hold districts in which Democratic registrations outnumber those of the GOP with independents holding the balance of power. In the mid-fifties, the GOP finally lost its grip on the state legislature after generations of Yankee control. It was then, when the Irish politicians of Massachusetts were at the peak of their power and a new, young idol of the heavily-populated Eastern ethnic and minority enclaves was emerging on the national scene that Gov. Christian Herter, a Yankee blue blood, devised the formula the Republicans still use.



In the closing years of Yankee dominance, Sinclair Weeks presided over a tightly-structured state GOP organization. Republicans, reflecting the basic and unquestioning respect middle-class America has for those who control the money (the banker, for instance) and for the status of the businessman who is their boss, have always submitted to party discipline more easily than Democrats. It was worse in New England; they didn't have the stomach for the rough-and-tumble politics the Irish thrive on. They were just plain polite about turning over their state. Instead of fighting, they turned to "public service," such as an appointment to the local hospital board or the President's cabinet, jobs that didn't require infighting with people who won't be eating if they don't win. Gov. Herter obviously had to move his party beyond this.

His formula was simple. He raised his own money, thus freeing himself and future candidates from reliance on the Weeks coterie. Reaching beyond the confines of Yankee precincts, he built his own organization and tried to bring in Italian, Jewish and French-Canadian leaders. Then, to entice rank-and-file voters in the many ethnic groups repeatedly passed over by the Irish, he directed the well-disciplined GOPers to nominate able members of minority groups for state office.

Since that time (the mid-fifties), the GOP has made an excellent showing. John Volpe (Italian) has been elected and reelected governor. Edward R. Brooke (Negro) has served as attorney general (the number two job in the state) and is now in the Senate. George Feingold (Jewish) was elected attorney general and nominated for governor in 1958 (he died in the midst of the campaign). To this day, the Democrats have yet to give a major party nomination to a French-Canadian (although this politically quiet community is the largest foreign-born ethnic group in the state), to a Negro despite the loyalty of the Roxbury wards to the national party and the success of Sen. Brooke, to someone of Portuguese background (although they have great strength in the Fall River-New Bedford area), to a Jewish leader. The Democratic party has been reduced to 50-odd Irish-dominated feifdoms, all of them undisciplined even by the Kennedys.

Yet, GOP leaders will tell you it's really quite easy to beat an Irish candidate for governor of Massachusetts. They've been doing it for over a decade.

This gives the Republicans a second advantage in the Bay State. Not only is the independent, really apo-

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litical surge of "new politics" attracting droves of younger voters in the state, but the guardians of the old politics are making a mockery of their own game.

What I have described is not limited to Massachusetts. In Chicago, Mayor Richard Daley is having some bad moments as the Irish, Poles, Negroes, etc., compete for power while new generations turn completely away. It offers the GOP, at a national level, the same kind of opportunities that Republicans on a state level in Massachusetts have had.

A particular kind of candidate has been needed. Throughout the Northeast, from Sen. Brooke to Mayor Lindsay, the winning GOP candidates have been articulate, forward-looking and independent. Above all, they offer the look of integrity.

Party organization, even in this situation, is not without value however, as Rep. Margaret Heckler (R) discovered during her mercurial rise in Massachusetts politics.

Needham, Mass., a small (28,000), heavily Republican community populated by what are described, in the East's stratified social layers, as middle management people with a WASP background, is an example. In the aftermath of the GOP's 1958 debacle, a young man (then 26) named Phil Christophe acted. As he tells it:

"A number of us got together to see what we could do. We formed a Young Republicans club in December of 1958 and by the next year had 200 members. We started with less than a dozen. Most of them were friends of the original group, social or from college (in Christophe's case, Dartmouth). People of similar interests. It was not only political but social. The social factor was by no means secondary. Probably one-half to two-thirds of our members were attracted by this." Their political orientation was "moderate."

In 1961, they took over the town committee after helping bring out 96 percent of Needham's vote in 1960, when Nixon won there over John F. Kennedy.

Five years later, this group and other similar enclaves of young activists were to play a major role in one of the major political upsets of 1966 – the primary defeat of former Speaker Joseph W. Martin (R) by Margaret Heckler.

Peggy Heckler, who is Irish, was disgusted at the polite way in which the Yankee Republicans turned over Massachusetts politics to the Democrats over the years. So, in 1962, she ran for the governor's council from a basically Democratic district that happened to include such GOP suburbs as Wellesley, Needham and Westwood. She won in an upset. Four years later, after counting the votes in the suburban north end of the district, she took on Rep. Martin in the primary and beat him. Backed by the new, well-organized coterie in Needham, she carried the town 3-1 in the primary. In the general election, she held the basically Democratic district (it includes Fall River) for the Republicans by a narrow margin and won reelection overwhelmingly in 1968.

President Nixon isn't apt to put forward the kind of innovative program that would excite the youthful legions attracted to a Lindsay or a Sears. He doesn't have the personality or the style of a Kennedy, nor has he been collecting this type of person for his Administration. Instead, he has selected the pre-molded products of J. Walter Thompson. He would have us "lower our voices" and get on with "those small, splendid efforts that make headlines in the neighborhood paper instead of the national journal." He would have us "build on what has gone before." That may be just what the country, in its present mood, wants – so long as that is not interpreted to mean doing as little as you think you can get away with. Sen. Brooke thinks Nixon's success in the megalopolis that streches from Boston to Washington will be determined by one key word – "implementation." It's often said that the conservative swing of the pendulum amounts to just that – a period of implementation that follows an era of innovative legislation. "In this past third of a century, government has passed more laws, spent more money, initiated more programs, than in all our previous history." So said President Nixon. Republicans, some of them, are cut out to be administrators, though that task can seem pretty dull.

Certainly, the people who live along Route 128 are aware of today's problems. They respond to candidates who show concern over the nature of our environment, who question the failure of existing federal programs they have supported to alleviate the misery of the ghetto, who back measures designed to protect civil rights and civil liberties. In a philosophical sense, they have been more akin to the Democratic party at a national level than to the GOP. "Implementation" might be the very thing they want now.

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Stanley Kauffmann on Norway's Forgotten Giant

Victoria by Knut Hamsun

Translated by Oliver Stallybrass
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

Thomas Mann said of him in 1922:

> "I always loved him from my earliest days. I early felt that neither Nietzsche nor Dostoevski had left behind in their countries an artist of this rank."

At about the same time Maxim Gorki said in a letter:

> "At the present moment you are the greatest artist in the whole of Europe. In no country is there anyone to equal you . . ."

The recipient of the letter was a writer whom relatively few Americans now read, the Norwegian who won the Nobel prize in 1920, Knut Hamsun.

The chief reasons for his decline (he was once widely read here) are, probably, that many of the Hamsun translations began to sound archaic and that he was a collaborator during the German occupation of Norway in the Second War, was afterward tried for treason and found guilty. (Because of his extreme age – he was 89 at the time of trial – he was only given a fine, which was later reduced.) Not in a spirit of forgiveness for his political beliefs, quite irrelevantly to forgiveness, Farrar, Straus and Giroux has started a series of retranslations of Hamsun. These new translations began with *Pan* (originally published 1894), which was followed by *Hunger* (1890) and now *Victoria* (1898). *Mysteries* (1892) is forthcoming. I hope that *Growth of the Soil* (1917) will follow.

Hamsun was born in 1859 and died almost a century later in 1952, deaf, isolated, avoided where he wasn't forgotten. In his youth he made two separate attempts to settle in America, 1882-1884 and 1886-1888, but he disliked the Midwest in which he worked and went back to Europe. His first book was *The Cultural Life of Modern America*, not a panegyric. These early experiences made him anti-American, and for ethnic and cultural reasons he was pro-German (during the First War as well). He called Norwegians a "Germanic people," and his feelings were enhanced by his German reception. *Victoria*, for example, was a particular success in Germany.

Hunger is not only the best of the Hamsun I have read (five books), it seems to me a masterpiece. The newly republished work *Victoria*, which is a short novel like *Hunger* and *Pan* and which has been put into adequate English by Oliver Stallybrass, is marked strongly with the fierce, fantastic, mordant Hamsun flavor.

"I hope to have my new book ready by the end of the month," Hamsun wrote his German publisher about *Victoria* in September 1898, "a kind of 'pendant' to *Pan*. . . ." So a word first about *Pan*. In 1855 Lieutenant Glahn, a young gentleman, spends the summer in a hut in the northern forests, living on the game he hunts. He falls in love with Edvarda, the daughter of a merchant in the nearest town, and she with him, but in a sequence of prismatic modulations, pride intervenes. At summer's end when he leaves, she asks for his hunting dog. He shoots the dog and sends the body to her. In an epilogue set in India some years later, a hunting companion who is jealous of Glahn's attentions to a girl, shoots him and passes it off as an accident. Pan, the god of forests and, one might say, of the pleasure-principle, has finally crushed Glahn, a lover circumscribed by pride, against the rocks of reality. The retribution that he carried within him, that had been in him long before he met Edvarda, has finally flowered.

In *Victoria*, which is set on the same mountainous coast of Norway, the social status of the two lovers is reversed and intensified. Johannes, the miller's son, falls in love with Victoria, the daughter of the castle, when they are both children, and he is treated with friendly condescension. He goes off to a university, writes poems, which get published, and a "major work." (Its description suggests *Hunger*.) When Johannes returns, Victoria confesses her love for him yet becomes engaged to a young lieutenant. The latter is killed in a hunting accident, and Victoria tells Johannes that she now wants him. But with timing as unlucky as in the last scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, he has just become engaged to another girl. The book ends with Victoria's death, soon after, and with her voice from the grave – a long letter in which she tells Johannes that she accepted the lieutenant in order to save her bankrupt father. The grinding machineries of life – once again – seem to have little relation to the feelings of people living within them.

Recounted thus, *Victoria* may sound like the scenario of a 19th-century ballet. Several matters make the novel quite otherwise. First, there is Hamsun's power of construction. The shape of the book is spare, in contrast with its ripe content; there is not one scene too many, and there are plenty of interstices for our imaginations to fill. Second, there is, familiar in Hamsun, a power of wild fantasy – interwoven scenes in which Johannes uses the vocabulary of experience to compose private rhapsodies. But, most of all, there is Hamsun's scathing view of beauty even while he adores it, a love of the ideal and also a sense of its ludicrousness. Here is a representative passage:

> "What, then, is love? A wind whispering among the roses – no, a yellow phosphorescence in the blood. A *danse macabre* in which even the oldest and frailest hearts are obliged to join."

Fairly good 19th-century love-worship, reminiscent of mediocre Schumann and Chopin. But, after more like that on love, he asks:

> "But why does it cause the young man to follow secret paths, the old man to stand on tiptoe in his lonely chamber? Alas, it is love which turns the human heart into a fungus garden, a lush and shameless garden wherein grow mysterious, immodest toadstools."

Somewhat more interesting, at about the level of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. And then comes:

> "Does it not cause the monk to creep by night through high-walled gardens and fasten his eyes to the windows of sleepers? Does it not possess the nun with foolishness and darken the princess's understanding? It lays low the king's head by the wayside so that his hair sweeps the wayside dust as he whispers lewd words to himself and laughs and sticks out his tongue.

(Continued on page 42)

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Anthony Howard: Advice to the New Boys

Agenda For the Nation

Edited by Kermit Gordon
(Brookings Institution; $6.95,
Doubleday, paper, $3.50)

In 1961 when John Kennedy became President he found awaiting him, as a legacy of eight years of Republican rule, a brisk, military-type document entitled *National Goals*. In one respect Richard Nixon – after eight years of Democratic rule – can count himself more fortunate. The confident, Olympic Games spirit that lay behind the earlier report has now all but gone out of fashion. Today a new President is asked a good deal more humbly to give his attention to an *Agenda for the Nation*.

But that is not to say that modesty is the hallmark of the recently published Brookings report to the new Administration and the new Congress. It is, for one thing, 620 pages long, whereas its predecessor – produced by a Presidential commission rather than an academic institution – ran to only 32. Unlike its much-derided forerunner, *Agenda for the Nation* has also been produced to an almost universal chorus of reverence, and one has the sinking feeling that that may even in part have been the object of the exercise. Both the production and reception of the Brookings Report seem in fact to indicate a growing conviction among intellectuals that their hour has come once again. The protracted march around the walls of LBJ's Jericho is hopefully over, and now – if only they can raise their voices sufficiently strongly in unison – the citadel can once more be theirs.

Probably as a reviewer I should declare an interest – or at least a prejudice. I happen to believe that one of the few achievements that history may credit to LBJ is his unsought success in building a rigorous divide between the essentially untidy world of power and the ordered outlook of the academic universe. The political and academic disciplines *are* different, and it is as well that they should be recognized as such. Yet to believe that is, of course, to undermine the premise on which such blue-ribbon establishment-institutions as Brookings are built.

Even its location – the imposing building looking like an extra-mural extension of the State Department on Massachusetts Avenue – bears eloquent evidence to its founders' belief that intellectuals should have hovering rights near the seat of government. And, just in case there were any doubt about it, the plaque which hangs in the hallway immediately clears it away. "This institution," it declares, "is named after Robert Somers Brookings, 1850-1932, businessman, public servant, believer in the power of knowledge to serve the public interest."

It is clearly in that context that *Agenda for the Nation* was intended to make its contribution; and it seems to me, despite the battery of work that obviously went into it (for each essay there was not only a separate author but also two individual critics to look over his shoulder), to be in many ways a thoroughly disappointing achievement. With one or two exceptions, the eighteen contributors fail entirely to get away from the bland, modulated tones that are, no doubt, appropriate for academia but have increasingly little to offer a nation desperately needing a commitment both of resources and of will, if its achievements are not to go on mocking its aspirations.

To be fair, Kermit Gordon – the book's editor – seems aware of this, and to try to make up for it in his introduction. He at least boldly nails his own personal colors to the mast:

> "If there is killing in Vietnam when the new President takes office, his paramount task must be to stop the fighting. The brutality and horror of the war – made vivid as in no previous war by the immediacy of television; the corrosive and divisive effects on American society; and the budgetary drain of the war which has shortchanged urgent domestic claims – all dictate that ending the war must lead all other tasks on the President's agenda."

But in the trenchancy of his approach and the direct nature of his appeal, Mr. Gordon is badly out of tune with most of the restful, discursive essays that follow. Only one contributor, Edwin Reischauer, revives that same note of urgency. What is so refreshing about Reischauer's essay is that he spurns the role favored by most of his colleagues – that of being a sober, careful judge presenting alternatives but leaving it to others to choose between them – and instead goes right out and plays the advocate. Nowhere is he more forthright or more courageous than in his discussion of China policy.

> "We should drop our sham that China exists only in the form of the small, rump Nationalist regime in Taiwan and admit clearly that continental China ruled from Peking is the true, historical China. . . . We should drop our effort to keep China out of the United Nations. . . . If representation of the two Chinese entities does not prove feasible we should recognize that the loss of Taiwan's membership of the U.N. would probably be less costly to overall American interests than the continuation of our blackball of Peking. . . . We should clearly divorce our support of self-determination for Taiwan from Nationalist claims to be the only China or even one of 'two Chinas.'"

Thus the former US Ambassador in Tokyo not only throws out of the window twenty years of State Department policy but also firmly closes what at least for the past decade has been the chief liberal bolt-hole when faced with

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conservative attacks on the Peking-recognition issue – the always-absurd "two Chinas" policy. Reischauer's is a masterly essay and it is also, at least in the cautious setting in which one comes across it, strangely exhilarating to read.

But it is not, of course, Reischauer – alas – who has been summoned to the inner counsels of the Nixon Administration; and it was probably inevitable that the foreign policy essay in this volume which has attracted all the attention should have been written by Henry Kissinger, Nixon's new adviser on national security affairs. Kissinger's message isn't nearly as direct as Reischauer's, nor is his prose nearly as clear; but, so far as his meaning can be detached from the jargon in which it is for the most part enveloped, it seems far from discouraging.

Kissinger's main theme is that the world is now both "militarily bi-polar" and "politically multi-polar" (these are the terms that the President's new adviser uses and one had better dutifully accept them, even though the latter at least sounds suspiciously like a contradiction in terms). There may be nothing dramatic – or even private – in this piece of revelation about the nature of the modern world, but it does at least have the merit of knocking on the head that potentially perilous notion of a Soviet-American "duopoly" in all world affairs that enjoyed a brief vogue on both sides of the Atlantic only a year or so ago. Kissinger's proclaimed conviction that "the age of the superpowers is now drawing to an end" also enables him to draw some basically comforting guidelines for the future direction of American foreign policy:

"Political multipolarity makes it impossible to impose an American design. Our deepest challenge will be to evoke the creativity of a pluralistic world. . . . The US is no longer in a position to operate programs globally; it has to encourage them. It can no longer impose its preferred solution; it must seek to evoke it. In the forties and fifties, we offered remedies; in the late sixties and in the seventies our role will have to be to contribute to a structure that will foster the initiative of others."

If not exactly an inspiring message it is, after all that has gone before, at least reassuring. And perhaps that is the right charitable judgment to pass on this book as a whole. There are obviously more important activities than brushing up the conventional wisdom to make it attractive and acceptable to the mood of the times. But if the job has to be done – and the Ford Foundation is willing to spend $175,000 on it – then the court attendants of Brookings are plainly the people best qualified to do it.

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John Wain: Ruminating about Freedom

The Sleep of Reason by C. P. Snow

(Charles Scribner's Sons; $6.95)

Lord Snow's sequence of novels, *Strangers and Brothers,* has been going on long enough for most people to have formed their attitude to it. It is liked and enjoyed by many, exceedingly disliked by a few. What the approvers like is clear enough: the books are plain, unpretentious, dealing with credible people, a "good read." (The pro-Snow case is brilliantly put by Lionel Trilling in the form of an amusing little phantasmagoria, "The Novel Alive or Dead," printed in his collection *A Gathering of Fugitives.*) What the disapprovers indict is equally obvious. They find the underlying assumptions repellant because they are the assumptions of the world, where people wrangle in committees and judge one another by the exterior marks of success. In this book, a scientist father remarks of his son, "He'll get into the Royal before he's finished" – i.e. become an F.R.S., the accolade of the British scientific fraternity. And Snow's characters are very given to making this kind of remark without any saving tinge of irony.

I sympathize with the reaction of these people, yet on the whole I am one of the approvers. I do not much care for Lewis (now Sir Lewis) Eliot, finding him pursy, conventional, too apt to take over the judgments of the world, and altogether the kind of man I avoid in real life. But I enjoy the stories, especially when they do not make me concentrate too closely on Eliot himself. And in this latest volume, *The Sleep of Reason,* Eliot has virtually nothing to do. I cannot, offhand, think of another novel in which the central character takes as little part in the action. He watches, he narrates, he ruminates, but he never moves into the center of the stage.

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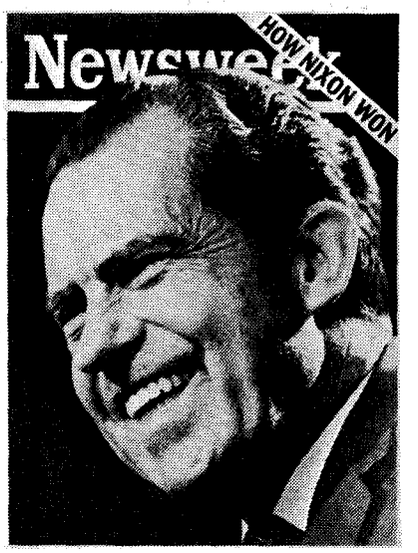
Sure, you've heard of Newsweek–but have you read it lately?



"The Soviet Union wants to have its cake and eat it too. That, it has become abundantly clear, is the message emanating from the Kremlin since the occupation of Czechoslovakia. What Moscow is saying to Washington is, quite simply, this: We have every intention of shoring up the Eastern European bloc and acting repressive at home, but we don't want that to interfere with such U.S.-Soviet concerns as limiting the anti-ballistic-missile and arms races. Whether the Russians can pull off this two-pronged strategy is a pressing question for them—as well as the new U.S. Administration."

"In the months since the Battle of Chicago, the ensuing battle over the battle only managed to blur the record of who and what went wrong. Was it Mayor Richard Daley's police force? The demonstrators? Or both? The closest thing to an authoritative verdict emerged from a 233-page special staff report to the President's Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. And the judgment is sharp and clear: it amounts to a searing rebuke to the mayor himself and an indictment of Chicago's police force. 'Police violence was a fact of convention week,' the thoroughgoing study concludes—and so much so that at times the behavior of law-enforcement officers could 'only be called a police riot.' "

"Shortly after last year's Mideast war, while most of his countrymen were still contentedly contemplating their heady six-day victory over the Arabs, Israel's ranking storyteller, Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, reached back into his Ukrainian boyhood to sound a note of cautionary wisdom. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'that we will yet find ourselves in a position like the boys in my town, when the marriage broker was trying to marry off the ugly daughter of the richest merchant. We all liked the dowry, but the bride—*oi vey!*' Israel's dowry is the 26,349-square mile tract of land that was conquered from the Arabs. And the 'bride' is the population of 980,000 hostile Arabs that came with it. For eighteen months, Israel's problem has been how to keep as much of the dowry and as little of the bride as possible."

"The Ocean Hill-Brownsville dispute," writes Milton Friedman in his Signed Opinion column, "is dramatic evidence of how deeply concerned about their children's schooling are the parents—Negro, Puerto Rican and white—in that low-income district. Whoever is to blame, the parents are surely right on the central issue of quality. Their children have been getting inferior schooling, and the parents have had no control over the schooling. It is an encouraging sign that so many low-income parents both know and care."

"One option is to leave the church, and some jittery Catholics undoubtedly will. But a full-scale schism is improbable, since no one is anxious to organize yet another church. Indeed, it is because they care deeply for the church—and the papacy—that many of Paul's critics now look upon the crisis he has created as a God-given opportunity to examine the real theological and philosophical issues that the encyclical has forced to the surface."

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In certain obvious ways a *roman fleuve* must be easier to write than an equivalent number of novels that start from scratch. On the other hand, such a series presents a formidable recurrent problem of construction. Obviously each volume must be a novel in itself, with a shape and a theme, rather than a cluster of chapters; but this shape and theme are endangered by the necessity for frequent episodic snippets to remind the reader of the *dramatis personae* who are, for the moment, in the background. Such a book needs to be firmly outlined, yet able to accommodate a few bulges.

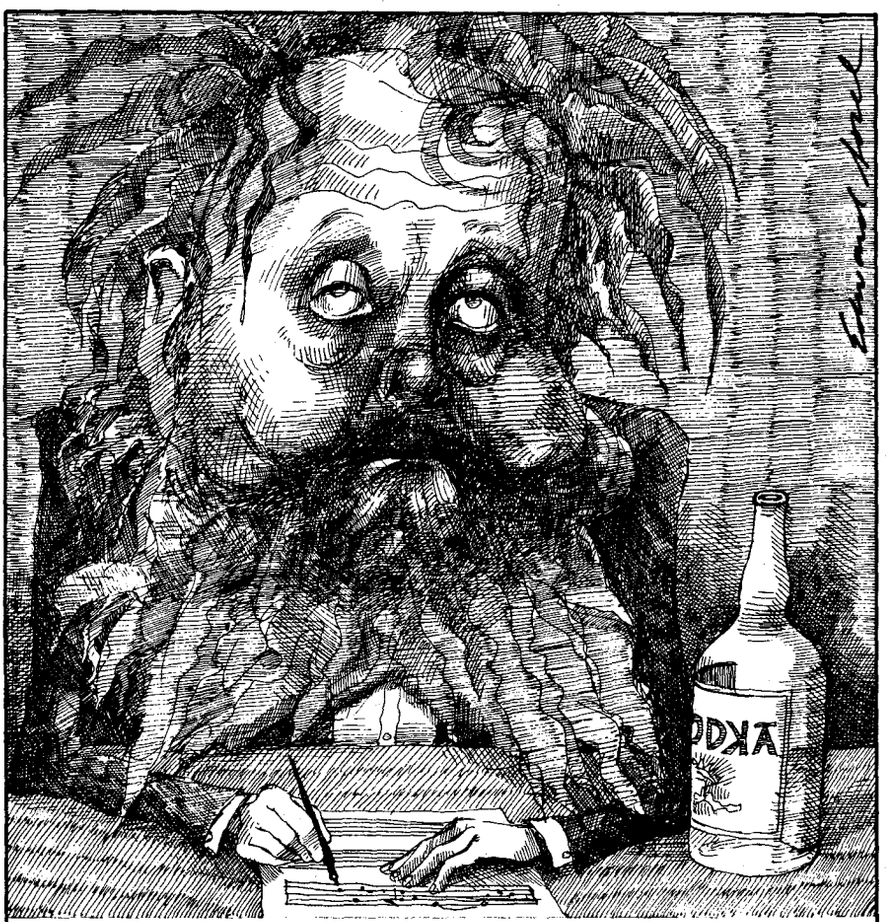
As one would expect, Snow approaches these problems with a good deal of skill. He uses conversations not only to allow the characters to reveal their own natures and to move the story along, but also to reminisce about characters in earlier volumes who have died, like Roy Calvert, or otherwise dropped out of the action. Lewis Eliot's thoughts and memories are also put into words a good many times, which is slightly less satisfactory in that it tends to overload the story with essay material. I fancy, though, that the main body of his devoted readers won't feel this as a defect, since most of them can tolerate over-explanation more easily than mystification.

The Sleep of Reason is broadly and effectively organized. Its main theme is the question of freedom from moral constraints. If there is no God, no ultimate sanction, what is to prevent u from being "true to our own natures" and damn the consequences? This wa a very immediate question to 18t century free-thinkers like De Sade, t late 19th century aesthetes, and t early 20th century vitalists like Law rence, and it is still topical, thoug presenting itself as usual in a continu ally changing light. Snow takes good account of this shifting historical set- ting by allowing the problem to crop up in two main instances (and a lot of smaller and less focused instances in the background), and to affect people of different generations.

In the first half of the book, Eliot is very concerned on behalf of an old friend of his, Arnold Shaw, who, as vice-chancellor of a provincial university, feels it a duty to insist on disciplinary action against two student couples who have been found sexually entwined in the same room. Most of his advisers are against expelling them, but Shaw bulldozes the measure through, and this leads soon afterwards to a confrontation with his younger colleagues in which they force his resignation: not over this one issue, but over the attitude which it has dramatized.

So far, the book is quite low-toned; its events do not closely touch Eliot, though they involve his interest and sympathy; and the foreground story is set against a whole web of other relationships. Arnold Shaw's daughter is in love with a young man who is obviously going to treat her badly, and this concerns Eliot because the young man in question is the son of his brother Martin. And Arnold Shaw's university is situated in the town in which Lewis Eliot grew up, so that his visits there bring him into contact with boyhood scenes and friends. One of these, George Passant, is a life-enhancement man of the old D. H. Lawrence type, who has spent his years (he is now old) living up to his instincts, and acting out his desires, with a high-minded Protestant fervor, and gathering about him a circle of young people whom he has encouraged to do the same. Eliot, from his own secure position in a happy marriage and established career, watches with sympathy the last empty and disappointing chapter in Passant's life, a story once high and arrogant.

Then, at about midpoint, the tone changes. Two younger women, Lesbians who regard themselves as firmly



Moussorgsky could be said to have had a "drinking problem" — so who cares? After listening to the *Songs and Dances of Death* (Nonesuch 71215) we could stand a shot ourselves. To fully savor the despair projected by Kim Borg in this beautiful Czech recording, play it through Acoustic Research equipment. Or, go to the AR Music Room in Grand Central Terminal and ask to hear our copy of the record. The attendant will give you one of our catalogs to read or take with you to the bar.

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The Koerners aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.

For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and sweat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

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married life-partners, are arrested on suspicion of the sadistic murder of a small boy. One is the sister of one of the expelled students; the other, the male partner and stronger character, is George Passant's niece and has in consequence been exposed to his doctrine of self-fulfillment through gratification.

The rest of the story mainly concerns the trial of the two girls. Snow describes it very well, and sketches in not only the professionals (barristers, the judge, etc.) but the girls themselves, which I should have expected to find slightly out of his range. He allows the details of the murder to come out gradually, in the impersonal, almost automatic, way in which these things do emerge during a trial. An air of quiet horror broods over these chapters, and forms a background to the questioning which is, in fact, the real matter of the book. Has our freedom been good for us? Is society better or worse through the casting-off of restraints? Would these two girls have gone so deeply into physical Lesbianism, and thence to the acting-out of other fantasies which they excited each other by sharing, if they had not been dieted on the precepts of George Passant? Was Arnold Shaw right, the younger and more liberal professors wrong?

Nobody in the book has any convincing answer to these questions, which does not matter, because the putting of relevant questions is more important, at a time like this, than any cocksure answers. There is no penetrating wisdom in this novel, but there is a level-headedness and a constantly maintained level of quiet understanding. I don't know how long it took to write, but I suppose at least a year, and during that time our sad contemporary history has furnished a number of corroborative examples from "real life," if the kind of poisoned-rat existence we see around us could be called "real." A few weeks ago, two English schoolgirls murdered a little boy, or was it two little boys, for kicks; and on the very afternoon I sat down to review this book, the postman delivered the latest number of the *Evergreen Review*, which featured a dozen or so photographs of a naked girl tied up with stout rope, each shot illustrating a different knot. In one of them she also has a noose round her neck. I suppose brooding over pictures like this is supposed to condition us to the new freedom and creativity, the "Cultural Revolution" of our own backyard Maos. And sure enough, in the same issue there is an article explaining that the gap between the Old Left and the "new radicals" (i.e. the type apotheosized by *Evergreen*) is "cultural and sociological." Which is, fundamentally, what *The Sleep of Reason* is about, and why it is, in spite of a few stretches of boredom, a book I am glad to have read in the last days of cold, gritty 1968.

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William Pfaff: The Mote in the Eye

No More Vietnams? The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy

Edited by Richard M. Pfeffer
(Harper & Row; $5.95)

Twenty-six scholars, officials, and journalists here morosely examine their professional consciences on Vietnam. The time is June 1968, the circumstances a conference sponsored by the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs. The responsibility for Vietnam borne by many of these men, and the reputation of those who have been, or have become, critics of that war, inevitably propose this book as evidence for the trial of an intellectual generation. So New Left critics have already interpreted it, at the same time demonstrating their own anti-political romantic millenarianism. But to indict when you cannot dispose is futile; these men represent – to adapt the appropriate phrase – the only political intelligentsia we've got.

And ours is no isolated or – really – alienated intelligentsia. Both critics and established men are peculiarly close, in political style and assumptions, to the public majority and the elected government – too close in some respects. There is, among most, the identical faith in organizational and technocratic solutions, the same astounding, though wounded, optimism about life and politics.

Thus the main argument that develops in this book is whether the American Government bureaucracy can be reformed so as to exclude "mistakes" like Vietnam. Yet surely Vietnam was not a mistake committed by the bureaucracy – though the bureaucracy tirelessly compounded the mistake and provided an obstacle to policy reversal. The implied question is whether the government apparatus can be made to produce wisdom as well as expert policy execution. Some of the academic members of this group complain that the experts, the area special-

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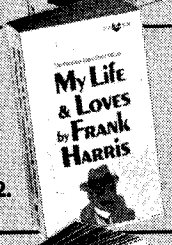

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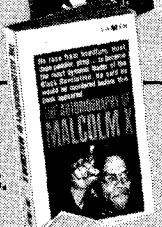

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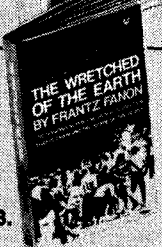

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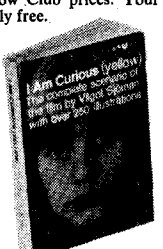

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ists, the social scientists, were inadequately consulted on Vietnam. The people actually involved in government during the crisis – Daniel Ellsberg, James Thomson, Adam Yarmolinsky, Arthur Schlesinger, Edwin Reischauer, and others – disagree in other matters but will have little of this case. The truth, surely, is that this was the most "expertly" analyzed, researched, and conducted war in our history. Our failures lay in issues of common sense, political judgment and historical detachment.

Indeed, the inexpert opinion of the American public, before 1965 and again in 1968-69, was to stay out of counterrevolutionary land wars in the Asian mainland. There were experts who warned that we should stay out, some of them represented here, but John Kennedy chose to enlarge the American involvement and Lyndon Johnson to commit ground forces and begin bombing only after other expert opinion had assured them that these measures would produce the kind of results which in fact they did not. It took "expert" opinion to overcome the instinctive prudence of the public. It is worth adding that a current official rationalization of our failure, that the American public will not sustain a limited war, ignores the fact that America has prosecuted more limited wars than unlimited ones. The trouble with this war was not that it was limited, but that it was this particular war. It was widely perceived by the public to be peculiarly brutal, its political and military justification unconvincing. Even then the public uneasily gave provisional support to the Administration until very late – until the very competence of their leadership suffered a discrediting blow in the Têt offensive.

The question mark in the title implies a doubt which neither the national mood today nor the book's contents really admits. Does Mr. Nixon feel any question as to whether we should have more Vietnams? Of the book's contributors only Ithiel de Sola Pool seems wholly convinced that there must be more, the only Hawk who is not disheartened. For him the Paris negotiations confirm a qualified interventionist success compromised by bureaucratic and analytic lapses and, ultimately, a "failure of our own political system." Social science – Professor Pool is a prominent positivist – must now be applied to straightening out our own national "lack of public understanding" so that more Vietnams will become possible. As Noam Chomsky has summarized the Pool position, provocatively but, I think, accurately: "a democratic country is incapable of waging aggressive war in a brutal manner, and this is *a failure of democracy*." Pool would of course deny the terms of that statement and argue that it exemplifies the lack of public understanding, which needs remedy. He declares, as if it were self-evident (and none of his colleagues in this discussion explicitly challenges him) that "we can live in safety only in a world in which the political systems of all states are democratic and pacifistically oriented. . . ." Only? *All* states? One is tempted to call this declaration of Ruskian faith totalitarian; certainly it is totalist in ideological claim and unlimited in ambition, implying perpetual war-for peace. But it is also simply an ignorant and innocent statement. If we are to indict a generation, innocence, rather than imperialism or power-hunger, is the relevant charge. Vietnam was an innocent war; and it has provided our national rape. The other contributors to this book, the officials and ex-officials among them, make it clear that they understand our lost virginity. Only Professor Pool seems to be impregnable.

Yet the fact that his remarks, which echo past statements of the President and Secretary of State, can be made in an intellectual postmortem on this war, gives weight to the question that forces itself upon this discussion. Have we, as a nation, the disposition for the kind of international action and involvement in other societies that Vietnam calamitously represented? It is possible, after all, that we are a nation with a characteristic parochialism, a self-absorption, and a deafness – or hostility – to alien voices and values. Our record of political isolation was not wholly accidental; there has been an American moral and intellectual, as well as geographical and political, isolation. Our political society was founded on the repudiation of foreign political systems and social institutions and values. Our more recent internationalism was rooted in a concern for foreign societies not *as they are*, but as they might be reformed and reconstructed according to our own values and experience.

Our expertise is not contemplative – the scholarly examination of how foreign societies exist – but activist, interested in how they can be changed. And admirable as much of this work has been, it expresses an inadvertent parochialism. Often it has been a projection of our most absurd and dangerous longings for that perfected world in which all nations are democratic and peaceful, and foreign policy and history can come to an end, the American mission to the world accomplished.

As Stanley Hoffmann remarks in this book, Vietnam has combined "moral aberration and intellectual scandal." This came not out of sordid motives but from an idealism and a structure

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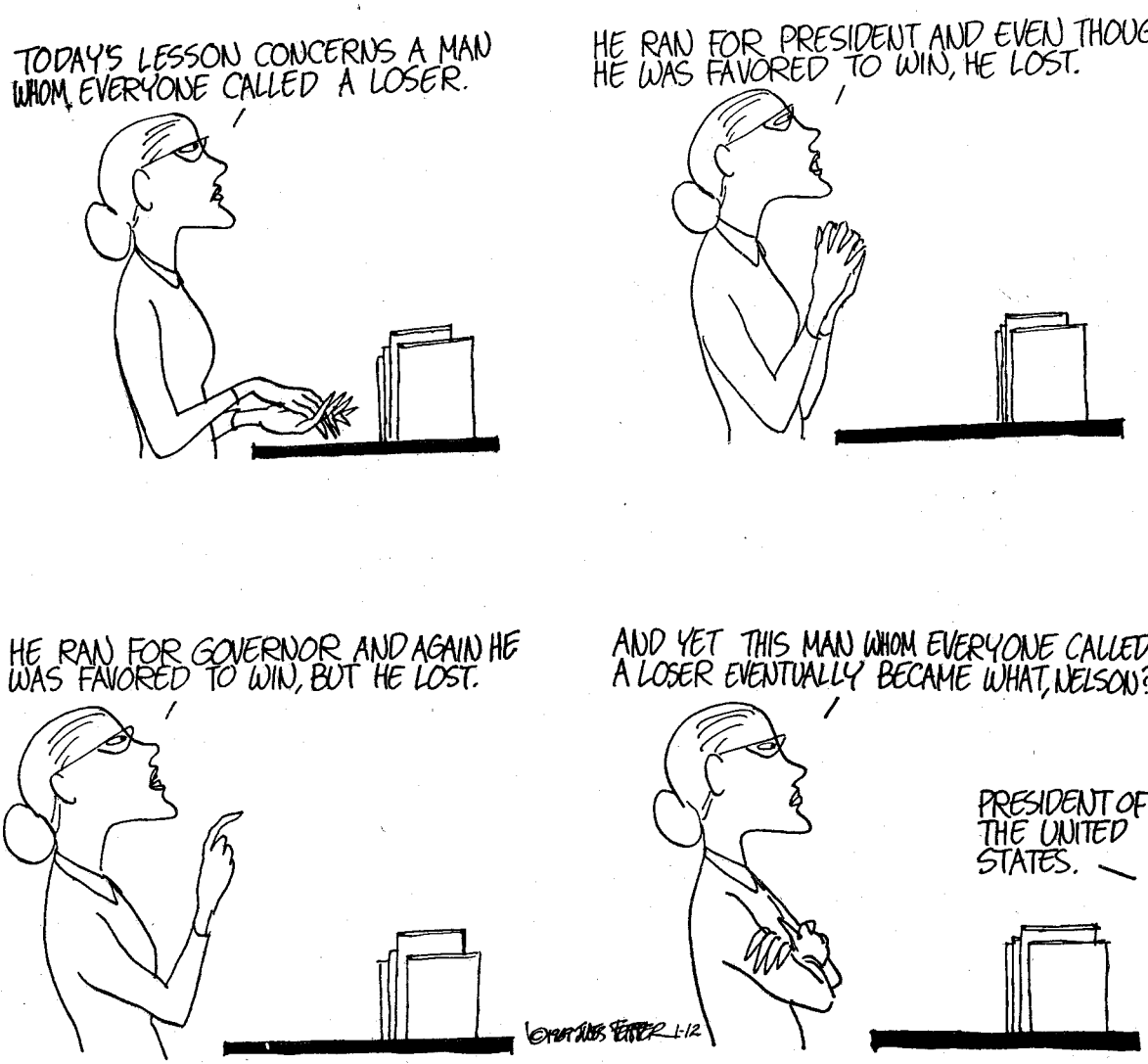
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HE RAN FOR GOVERNOR AND AGAIN HE WAS FAVORED TO WIN, BUT HE LOST.
AND YET THIS MAN WHOM EVERYONE CALLED A LOSER EVENTUALLY BECAME WHAT, NELSON?
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of fears, both of which defied the existential character and ethics of politics. Morality, to say nothing of success, lies in the political act, not the ambition. There are abundant practical lessons to be learned from Vietnam, but this is the real one. It is not, one suspects, easily learned intellectually, but from experience, failure, the contradiction of ambition. If there are no more Vietnams it will be because the nation, which has been peculiarly spared the common tragedies of modern history, has in this case finally found failure, and our own – moral, as well as political – vulnerability.

Richard M. Pfeffer edited this book brilliantly, reconstructing a conference transcript and formal papers in a way that addresses issues and explicates arguments far more lucidly than could any discussion.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ANTHONY HOWARD *is correspondent in Britain for* The New Republic *and former Washington correspondent of the* Observer *(London).* JOHN WAIN *is a prominent British novelist and playwright.* WILLIAM PFAFF *is co-author of* Power and Impotence, The Politics of Hysteria, *and* The New Politics. *A member of Hudson Institute, he traveled and worked in Vietnam in the early 1960's and again in 1966.* LEON FRIEDMAN *is a New York attorney.*

Leon Friedman: Legal Gouging

The Trouble With Lawyers by Murray Teigh Bloom

(Simon and Schuster; $6.50)

The trouble with lawyers, Murray Teigh Bloom says, is that they bludgeon the consumer and enrich themselves through the same restrictive economic practices used by skilled craft unions and big business. Indeed, they have invented a few tricks the AF of L or the NAM would be ashamed to try. But ugly catch words such as featherbedding, make-work, closed shop, nepotism and price-fixing are never used to describe any facet of the law business. Not only have lawyers used their monopolistic position to impose whatever the market can bear, they have brainwashed their clients into thinking the system is inevitable and serves a necessary public function.

A large part of Bloom's book deals with the probate racket. Survivors are likely to find themselves fleeced not only by undertakers. They discover, in the first place, that the legal charge for handling any estate is generally fixed at a percentage of its value, although the fee may have no relation to the work done. In ordinary estate matters, a lawyer's secretary can easily fill out the simple mandatory forms. In one experiment, a young estate lawyer charged very generously at his usual hourly rates, giving himself every possible benefit. His fees, based on time consumed, were less than half the rate fixed by a percentage formula. Secondly, suggested minimum fees exist in most states, so shopping around is useless – all lawyers charge the same. (However, minimum fees vary from state to state so that the cost of probate in Alabama and New Jersey is three times that in Georgia.) Third, special guardians must be appointed to protect the interests of infant beneficiaries – these usually are political or family friends of the surrogate or probate judge. They perform the most perfunctory services, often merely a brief court appearance. The outrageous fees paid for this make-work generally grease the local political machine that elected the judge.

Once in a while, parts of this iceberg come into public view, as during the Silverman-Klein Surrogate election in New York City in 1966 occasioned by Robert Kennedy's fight against the regular Democratic machine. The *New York Post* disclosed at that time that Surrogates regularly awarded special guardianships to the sons of fellow judges or to their former law partners, as well as party stalwarts. No one minds when a rich estate such as the Shubert's or the Woodward's is taken, but the same system affects millions of small estates under $20,000. These are shaved by lawyers fees, guardian expenses and appraiser charges, as well as a fee for the executor. It is not unusual for an attorney to end as the largest beneficiary of a small estate for work that his secretary does in a few hours.

If a beneficiary tries to do the work himself, *pro se* in the jargon, as John Gordon Baker of Wisconsin attempted to do, he is likely to find that no court will hear him. Baker, the owner of a small iron foundry, was the executor and a beneficiary of his mother's estate and could fill out the probate papers with no difficulty. Nevertheless the Wisconsin Supreme Court decided he was engaging in the unauthorized practice of law in trying to settle the estate himself. Unauthorized Practice of Law committees of local bar associations also take on real estate brokers or title insurance companies who fill out preliminary purchase agreements and notaries who help complete minor legal documents. This kind of closed shop not only increases the cost of the service, but shuts out skillful laymen who may know more about the specialty than most general practice attorneys.

These arbitrary requirements increase the opportunity for outright skullduggery. Bloom tells the story of two Minneapolis attorneys who had themselves

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appointed guardians over a wealthy, crippled lady and her mentally disturbed son and milked her estate of $250,000 through bogus legal work. What is astonishing is that one of the attorneys, who was found to have committed fraud, was not disbarred or disciplined in any way, and is now the senior partner in a Minneapolis firm. Another lawyer, who managed to become guardian over some California Indians, picked up $250,000 in fees for routine legal work. Somehow the judge who appointed him became the executor for many of the Indians, picking up high fees for his labors.

As Bloom shows, discipline imposed by the profession is inadequate, punishments are rarely imposed and secrecy is generally maintained by grievance committees. The public could be partly protected by a liberalization of attorney malpractice rules or by client security funds which insure against professional thievery. But lawyers have fought against these devices on the grounds that they would publicize the dishonesty or incompetence of some practitioners and thus harm the profession's image.

Bloom's discussion of personal injury cases is more familiar. Again the problem is not so much that a few dishonest lawyers engage in ambulance chasing or the bribery of insurance adjusters, but that the structure of the entire industry leads to organized perjury by negligent doctors, the systematic kiting of losses, increased insurance premiums, long delay in any monetary recovery, a terrible waste in legal manpower and court congestion in all other areas. Professor Jeffrey O'Connell of the University of Illinois Law School and Robert E. Keeton of Harvard have proposed a basic protection plan to reimburse all victims of auto accidents regardless of negligence or fault. Insurance companies would pay immediately upon proof of loss on all amounts below $10,000. No lawyers would be necessary unless claims exceeded that amount. That such a sensible plan has made so little progress suggests how vital are the large contingent fees earned by negligence lawyers. Bloom estimates that one-third of the $4 billion paid for legal services last year came from personal injury cases, and that half the lawyers in the country depend on them for survival.

Bloom did not make the mistake of talking only to lawyers and believing them, as Martin Mayer apparently did last year in preparing his highly complimentary book, *The Lawyers*. Although he occasionally tries for journalistic punch (". . . if your lawyer asks for a bigger fee, for God's sake give it to him. He might steal."), Bloom's work is documented, intelligent, readable. Some of the chapters deal not so much with the overreaching of lawyers as with the unfairness of the laws, particularly those relating to the execution of court judgments through a sheriff's sale: a debtor may not even know when his house has been sold from under him – sometimes for a fraction of its worth, and in an unpublicized sale. Collection agencies make the most of the tangle of laws on the subject.

The inefficient performers who need special fee arrangements to survive have a strong voice in the professional bar associations and the state legislatures. The American Bar Association itself is only slightly more reform-minded than the AMA. In September, 1967, at the sesquicentenniel celebration of Harvard Law School, Dean Erwin Griswold spoke of the failure of the law schools to focus on the social problems of America, Supreme Court Justice William Brennan urged the large law firms to set aside a healthy percentage of their time to public service. Earl Morris, President of the ABA, warned against the unauthorized practice of law. Many in the profession are preoccupied with legal aid work, draft resistance cases and broad social problems and have no stomach for the petty politics of the bar associations. Change often comes from above, through the work of supervising judges such as Bernard Botein of New York City who helped impose strict fee schedules in personal injury cases, and through the US Supreme Court which recently sanctioned group legal services, allowing unions to hire a lawyer to handle workman's compensation cases for all its members.

Correspondence

Pacific Volunteers

Sirs:

Your issue of January 4th contains an editorial, "What Are We Waiting for?", which comments on the feasibility of a volunteer army. It strikes me as peculiar that, to the best of my knowledge, no mention has ever been made for purposes of contrast of the system in force now for many years in Australia and New Zealand.

These two countries are the only white powers anywhere near Southeast Asia and hence naturally the most vulnerable to Asiatic aggression and expansion, Communist or otherwise. Both have the draft, but *neither* requires of its draftees compulsory service in Vietnam. Those who volunteer to go there receive, and correctly so, higher remuneration and quicker advancement than the rest, but the decision rests with the individual.

Apparently neither Australia nor New Zealand feels sufficiently threatened to implement active compulsory service, and relies on the voluntary system advocated in your article, at least

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as far as actual fighting goes. Is it not ironic that American young men, many thousands of miles away, have no choice, while Australian and New Zealand boys can decide for themselves whether or not to fight in Vietnam? Why is this disparity never mentioned in our press and periodicals, even in those which, like your own, oppose our misadventure in Vietnam?

Robert K. Black
Upper Montclair, N. J.

Orwell as Prophet

Sirs:

Professor Lee Benson ("The Irrepressible World Revolt," *NR*, January 18) states that George Orwell and others "were wrong when they mechanically extrapolated some bureaucratic and authoritarian tendencies into all-embracing inevitabilities" and that recent developments "have exposed the fallacies in Orwell's prediction that men are doomed to life on a 1984-style Animal Farm." . . . His characterization of Orwell's prophetic intentions is overstated to the point of inaccuracy.

Orwell was deeply disturbed by the tendency of English intellectuals of the left to accept or excuse Soviet totalitarianism, and *1984* and *Animal Farm* were warnings about what *could* happen. However, his other writings make it clear that he did not intend to prophesy that these visions of the future would inevitably materialize. For example, in his essay on "James Burnham and the Managerial Revolution" Orwell vigorously disputed Burnham's thesis that man is progressing inexorably toward a centralized society under the totalitarian control of bureaucrats and technicians ("managers"). Orwell conceded that this thesis was plausible "as an interpretation of what *is happening*" (Orwell's emphasis), but he rejected Burnham's assertion that the trend was irreversible. On the contrary, Orwell wrote, ". . . the Russian regime will either democratize itself, or it will perish. The huge, invincible, everlasting slave empire of which Burnham appears to dream will not be established, or, if it is established, will not endure, because slavery is no longer a stable basis for human society."

On the other hand, if he were alive today Orwell clearly would temper Professor Benson's optimism about the capacity of the "academic-scientist-intellectual complex" for Promethean "altruism" and "forethought." At least he would insist (as he did in his essay, "What is Science?") on distinguishing between a "scientist" in the narrow sense of a specialist in one of the exact sciences and a scientist in the broad sense of one who has acquired a certain way of looking at the world – "a rational, skeptical, experimental habit of mind." As Orwell pointed out: ". . . The German scientific community, as a whole, made no resistance to Hitler. . . . Without them the German war machine could never have been built up."

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66. Precursor
67. Sequel
68. Beginning
69. Middle
70. End
71. Continuity
72. Discontinuity

Kauffmann, *from page 28*

Such is the nature of love."

Suddenly there is the skull beneath the skin, the fixed grin beneath the peaches-and-cream, beneath even the purple vapors. But the new candors are insufficient for Hamsun. A small teller of new truths might have stopped there. Hamsun goes on:

"No, no, it is something different again, like nothing else in the world. . . . Love was God's first word, the first thought that sailed across his mind. . . . And love was creation's source, creation's ruler; but all love's ways are strewn with blossoms and blood, blossoms and blood."

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he term that the whole section suggests is microcosm – a cosmos in little particularly in its suggestion of the ırcular. With a difference. The end is he beginning, but different because ve have just gone from the beginning o the end.

As a "pendant" to *Pan*, this novel is elated in more than status inversion. t also reuses such matters as the for-st setting, the tendons of fantasy, a ala party as a focal point, and a unting accident. Love as ecstasy, love s acid, is again the theme. But it is a weaker work than *Pan*. *Victoria* keeps edeeming itself from peasant-and-princess romance by its *conviction* of omance, but mainly by the harsh intrusion of mortality and the intimations of the twentieth century. The emphasis in *Pan* is quite the reverse, and so no redemption is necessary. It starts with wild solitude, it drinks solitude like a lifesaving draught. (All through the Hamsun that I know, solitude – not loneliness – recurs as a kind of blessing.) Love appears later and touches to life both the heart and the cruelty of Glahn. The effect is more immediately engaging, the antinomies are more tense.

Still, lesser though it is, *Victoria* is very much better than it promises to be. It is one of those late 19th-century artworks that face the results of the individualist revolution of the early 19th century. And in its sense of the increasing anachronism of class barriers – individualism would automatically make this so, quite apart from political change – it relates closely to much of Strindberg. In 1894 Hamsun said: "I always return to Strindberg with joy; he has occupied me more than anybody else and taught me more than most." Even in this minor novel, Hamsun, the peasants' tyrannized son, has a great deal in common with the author of *Miss Julie* and *The Son of A Maidservant*.

A last note, about the publisher. Since Robert Giroux joined the firm as editor-in-chief 13 years ago and added his name to the corporate title, Farrar, Straus and Giroux has moved from an ambiguous position, in literary terms, to the very top rank of American publishers. One evidence of this is its program for the establishment and reestablishment of foreign authors, often through new translations – such men as Hermann Hesse, François Mauriac, Cesare Pavese, and Knut Hamsun. We are indebted.

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